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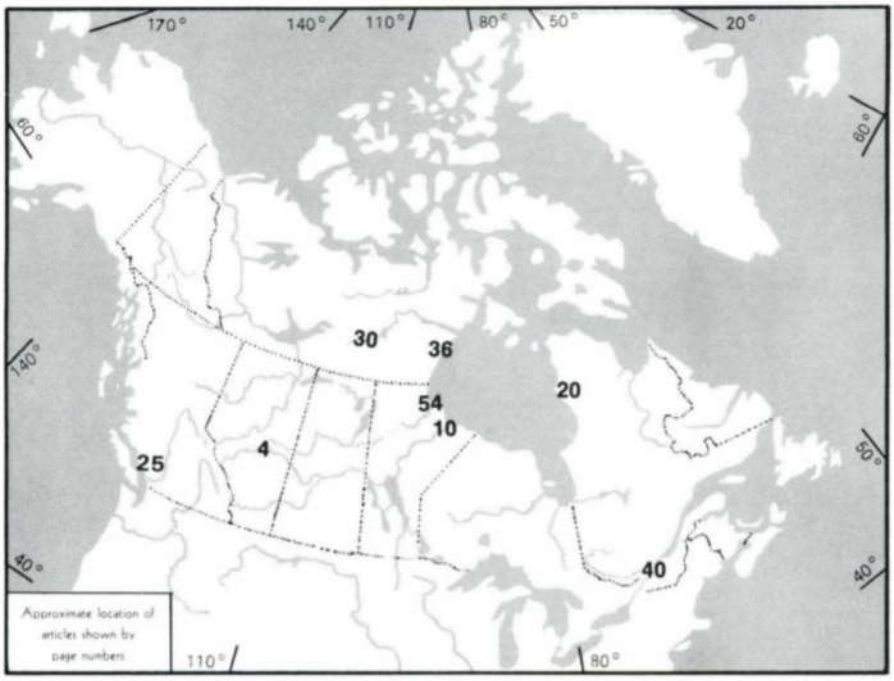

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COVER: *'Feeding the Ducks'*. A water-colour by Elisabeth Hopkins of Galiano, B.C.

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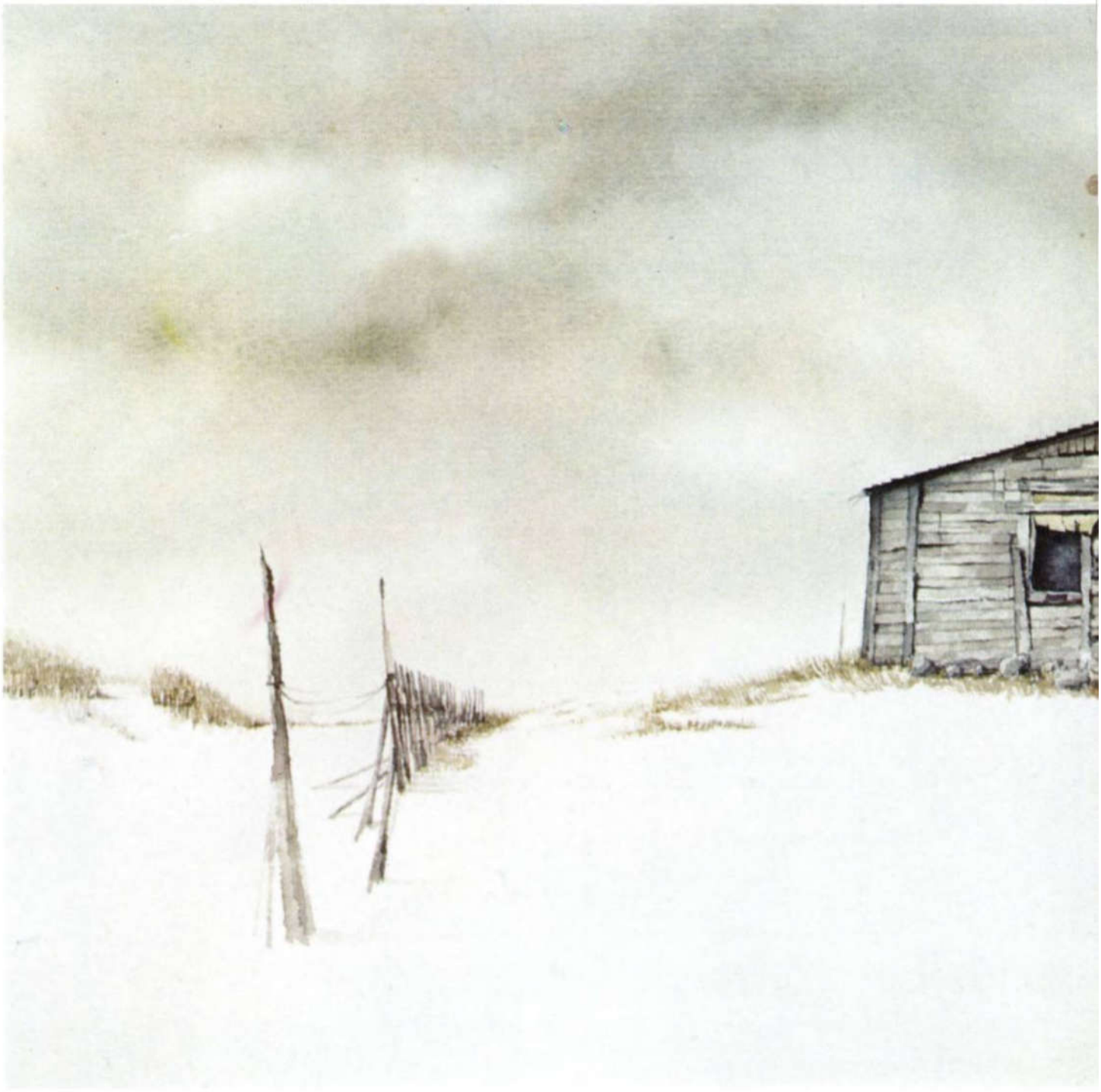
Painting of an abandoned Alberta homestead by Ronald Woodall, whose book 'Magnificent Derelicts: A Celebration of Older Buildings' was published this year by J. J. Douglas, Vancouver. Other photographs are from the author's collection.



BY CARL J. BUCHANAN

The author, a retired farmer living in Penticton, B.C., tells of a typical winter's day on the family homestead near Waskatenau, Alberta, in the 1930s.

A WINTER'S

DAY ON THE HOMESTEAD

DURING THE DEPRESSION of the 1930s we lived on a backwoods homestead, some sixteen miles from Waskatenau, the nearest town, and about seventy-five miles northeast of Edmonton. Our log house was set in an area of rough, hilly, stony soil that had canyons and spring holes and muskegs — just about everything, in fact, that farm land should not have.

We had never heard of the poverty line, and should there have been one at that time we would certainly have been far below it. But we did not feel poor, even though we seldom saw any money. There were plenty of deer and game birds and fish; we had our own vegetables, a small flock of hens, and several head of cattle, a few of which we milked.

My mother canned enormous quantities of wild berries during the summer months and packed away butter in large earthen crocks for use in the winter when the cows would not be giving much milk. The winters were long. The temperature dropped at times to sixty degrees below zero at night, and some winters these bitter, cold spells would last for weeks at a time. I have often been asked, by those who have never endured such an experience, what we did during those long months of winter to pass the time. We had no television, of course, and in fact, did not even have a radio. We got our news from the *Free Press Prairie Farmer*, and during the winter at least, the stories were apt to be three weeks old before the paper reached us.

The author, age twelve, with his older brother Clifford (right) and Maurice Houlette (centre), a friend from a neighbouring farm.

A typical winter day in the early thirties would begin at six o'clock with the crashing of stove lids, as father tried to get the fires going, hopping from one foot to the other on the ice-cold floor, shivering in threadbare cotton drawers. Within a few minutes we would hear the frantic puffing of the big, old, air-tight heater as it built up a head of steam, and soon a faint degree of heat would radiate from the stovepipe close beside our bunks. When we heard banging and splashing sounds as father broke the ice on the water bucket and started filling the tea kettle, we knew it was time to get up.

We three boys hastily donned our clothes and headed for the barn. My job was to climb the ladder to the loft and poke straw down through the feed-holes to the animals below. Cliff, my older brother, fed father's team their scant ration of oats and threw on the harness. My younger brother, Alan, seized the battered old bucket which was used as a milk stool, and commenced milking the cows. Cliff would lend him a hand, as soon as he had killed as much time as possible in caring for the team. When I had poked the required number of calories down the feed-holes, I descended the ladder and went off to the granary to fetch a ration of grain for Gertrude, our slab-sided and ravenous brood sow.

I opened the door of her tiny shack and dropped the grain in the trough. Then I picked up the shovel which stood outside the door, cut off a fair-sized chunk from a nearby snowdrift, and deposited it alongside the trough to serve as drinking water. At my encouraging call of 'Pig, pig, pig', Gertrude grunted twice. This was a necessary communication, for the simple reason that there was little to indicate that there was a hog in the tiny shack.

Gertrude was completely invisible beneath a pile of straw and assorted debris in one corner. The only indication of life in the little mausoleum was the sound of snores and a slight quivering of the nest in the corner. So Gertrude grunted once to let me know that she was still alive, and a second time to let me know that she would get up later for breakfast. At the moment, she was much too comfortable to exchange her warm bed for a cold lunch.

Next I went to the log chicken-house; here I entered quickly and closed the door. The chickens ignored my cheery greeting, so I struck a match to see if they were still alive. In its dim glow, I saw that one hen had expired during the night, had toppled over backward and was hanging head down from the roost. Her feet had frozen around the slender pole and she would hang there until spring. When her feet thawed out she would drop to the ground. I stood there in a quandary, trying to decide whether or not I should scatter the ration of grain upon the floor or deposit it in one heap, where it would be more readily available. I reasoned that it might be tough for the poor birds to be forced to scratch for their dinner with frozen toes, so I left their

ration in a pile. During the winter months they deserved every break I could give them.

Back to the barn I went, as I still had one cow to milk before breakfast. My brothers had already finished their tasks and gone to the house, so I grabbed the milk stool and quickly sat down to milk the beast. My fingers, of course, were as cold as ice, and the moment I took hold of her, she kicked me. Enraged, I kicked her back. She belted me again, harder this time and I promptly returned the blow. We both stood there kicking each other until we were played out. Meanwhile the violent exercise had warmed me up, and when I again tried to milk her my fingers were no longer cold, so she made no further protest. As I quickly stripped the quart of milk from her, I reflected that perhaps feeding milk cows on a ration of wheat straw and water was not a bad idea; at least it did not take long to do the milking. The only disadvantage was that, come spring, they would be so weak we would have to hoist them to their feet by their tails each morning.

The milking accomplished, I hurried to the house, hoping that my brothers and sisters hadn't already eaten all the oatmeal porridge and toast. Just before I went inside I took a hasty peek at the thermometer, which hung on the wall on the north side of the house. It registered thirty-nine below — warming up from forty below during the night. I gobbled my breakfast hastily, for it was almost time to leave for school. As janitor, it was my job to light the fire every morning and warm up the school before the rest of the students arrived.

My younger brother and sister followed a half-hour later, at which time, hopefully, the school would be warm enough for classes to start. Father would have a brutally hard day. He had to travel to a farm out in the settlement, a thirty-mile round trip, for another load of straw as the feed was running low. My older brother Cliff would be left at home to look after the livestock and clean the barn; after that he would go to the bush to chop and pile firewood in tree lengths, ready to be hauled home.

The route to school was just a winding foot-path through the bush for a distance of a mile and a half. I arrived at the school so cold as to be almost in a state of *rigor mortis;* my hands were so nearly frozen that I had great difficulty in even lighting a match to start the fire. But soon the big old heater was huffing and puffing mightily, and none too soon. The other children were starting to arrive, half-frozen, and they all huddled gratefully around the stove, soaking up its warmth. Ah, fire — surely the greatest blessing of all mankind, or at least for those who happened to live in northern Alberta in those earlier years.

A heaven-sent blessing had just recently been introduced for the benefit of the students of our little log school. About eleven-thirty, a large pot was set

The potato digger that was used in the 1930s still sits on the land at Waskatenau.

The homestead at Waskatenau, Alberta, built in 1932. The building has since been destroyed by fire.

upon the stove, and by the time class was dismissed for the noon hour, the room was filled with the delicious aroma of hot cocoa. What a treat it was to have hot cocoa to go with dry sandwiches — particularly for those who had only bread spread with lard for their noonday meal.

Classes were dismissed at three-thirty in the afternoon, but it was generally four o'clock before I had swept out the building and prepared the kindling for the next day's fire. During the months of December and January it was nearly dusk by the time I arrived home from school.

A democrat used by the author's family in the 1920s and 1930s, still on the family homestead.

At home it was my chore to buck enough wood to keep both our stoves going for the next twenty-four hours. This was a job which I hated with a vengeance. My only wood-cutting tools consisted of an exceedingly dull six-foot cross-cut saw and an equally dull axe. Both stoves were real wood hogs, and during extremely cold weather it took about one hour of steady sawing to cut a large-enough supply.

The next most disagreeable task was watering the cows. Our well was located about four hundred yards from the house — owing to a slight oversight on father's part in failing to check for water before he built the homestead. One thing that we did have, however, was a magnificent view; our buildings sat atop the highest escarpment on the entire quarter.

This was fine during the summer but in wintertime, when the arctic blasts piled waist-high drifts of snow around every building we owned, we wished heartily that we lived in a more sheltered spot — such as the great spruce bluff close beside our well. Extracting water from this well was a frustrating and time-consuming task. It was accomplished by means of a battered bucket and several feet of ice-covered rope.

Carl Buchanan with his team and sleigh in the 1940s.

One of us would grab the buckets and hasten to the well. The first task was to chop a hole, sufficient to hold at least two buckets of water, in the huge mass of ice in our watering trough.

In the meantime, another boy would go to the barn and commence untying the cows. The cows always came to the watering place on the dead run, in a desperate attempt to get a drink and return to the barn before they froze to death.

Owing to the fact that a frozen rope was somewhat difficult to operate using a well pulley, we just straddled the well opening and pulled up the filled buckets hand over hand. There was about a fifty per cent loss due to slippage; thus for every two feet the bucket was hauled upward, it promptly slipped back one foot as the frozen rope slipped through our iced-up mitts. Before the operator had a chance to pour the bucket of water into the trough, an impatient and thirsty cow always tried to overpower him and drink straight from the bucket. In the struggle at least half of each hard-earned bucket would be spilled.

Each cow drank at least a wash-tub full. Just as soon as an animal had taken all its skin would hold, she whirled and went on a dead run back to the barn, her intestines congealing with ice-cold water, and her tail in a vertical position which somewhat resembled a corkscrew. This peculiar tail posture was a source of great puzzlement to me for some time until one day I figured out that our cows were using their tails for the same reason that skiers use ski poles — to help them keep their balance on the narrow path, so they could move faster. Back in the barn, the cows shivered violently for at least half an hour, until their body heat returned to normal.

What a comfort it was, on a bitterly-cold winter evening after the chores had all been completed, to be greeted upon opening the door, with the mouth-watering aroma of cooking beans.

I would sneak over to the stove and ease up the lid of the pot to have a peek inside. There they were, bless them, bubbling away with generous chunks of pork. My younger sister set the table, while all of us boys waited hungrily. At last the meal was ready.

The delicious beans and pork were the main item on the menu and possessed by far the greatest mileage, but there were also potatoes, carrots, and home-canned peas, along with beet pickles and hot biscuits, and home-canned blueberries for dessert. We ate until we were completely satisfied.

We were poor, yes, very poor, for there probably wasn't a dollar in the house. But we didn't feel poor. How could we when we had eaten our fill of warm and nourishing food?

The squealing of sleigh runners on frozen snow and the jingle of steel trace links told us that father had arrived home with his load of straw. My older brother and I hurried out to unhitch the team and put them in the barn. Father climbed wearily down from atop the load, so nearly frozen that he could barely stand, and staggered to the house, where he would shortly thaw out and have a hot meal. He had eaten nothing since morning except for a couple of frozen sandwiches.

The long winter evenings during those depression years of the early thirties, when very few of us had as yet acquired a radio, did not seem long to us. There were always a certain number of chores to complete after supper: milking the cows and bedding them down for the night, and I, myself, was usually busy on the business end of the old cross-cut saw bucking firewood by the dim glow of the old coal-oil lantern for at least a half hour after supper. So our day did not end until perhaps eight o'clock at night and at that time the evening shift began.

After father had finished eating and had filled his malodorous pipe with cut plug and got a good smudge going he would move the spinning wheel up close beside the air-tight heater and, taking a mound of sheep's wool upon his lap, spend a couple of hours spinning yarn. Mother might sit at her old treadle sewing machine, making a pair of pullover mitts from the backs of the legs of an old pair of overalls, or perhaps making a jacket from an old overcoat. She always had on hand a couple of cardboard cartons filled with hand-me-downs given her by more affluent relatives, or purchased at the Salvation Army store on one of her rare trips to Edmonton.

When not busy at her sewing machine, she might sit in her rocking chair by the kitchen stove, busily knitting wool socks or mittens. Before settling down to her knitting she always bustled upstairs and returned shortly with a freshly-washed sack of sheep's wool and the carders. At this point all of us children did our best to look busy. Glancing around, she would inquire brightly, 'All right now, whose turn is it to do the carding?' This innocent inquiry was bound to produce an uproar of major proportions as every child shouted loudly that he or she had done the carding the last time.

The clamour only subsided when father arose from his chair with a roar and threatened to skin us all alive and hang our hides on the harness. He would glance meaningly at the razor strap hanging on the wall, and make a motion as though about to drop his batch of wool and go into action. This was no idle threat, as we children well knew, and one of us would promptly take up the carders and go to work.

The three of us who went to school had our homework to do and when this unpleasant chore had been completed we sometimes played cards: blackjack, King Pedro or cribbage. During periods when the weather allowed we spent a great deal of time skiing or tobogganing on the long, steep hill in front of our house.

And there were the dances which were held every second Saturday night in the log school. As a rule, there was no admission charge; the ladies each brought something for lunch, and the music was supplied from local talent of which there was plenty. Although we had no ice rink, we played hockey in the hard-packed barnyard. Our hockey sticks were a length of willow pole with a curve on one end, and the manure pile provided an unlimited supply of pucks. Thus when our hockey pucks started to disintegrate under the smart smacks of the willow hockey sticks, we knew that spring was just around the corner.

The long days of winter gradually lengthened and passed into spring. The warm sun returned and rapidly melted the snow and the numerous canyons in our area resounded to the roar of rushing water. I loved to stand outdoors at night and listen to the song of the water as it sped on its way to the great valley a mile away. It sounded like a speeding train in the blackness of the night and it seemed to shout with joy at this new-found freedom and the coming of spring across all the frozen land. ◆

Taming and Domesticating the Native Animals of Rupert's Land

By D. W. Moodie and Barry Kaye

L. BUTLER

Indian Boys at Rupert's House with two-week-old beaver kits.

Professors Moodie and Kaye are with the Department of Geography at the University of Manitoba.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the Hudson's Bay Company for permission to quote from its Archives.

IN VIEW OF THE close relationship that existed between the first European occupants of Rupert's Land and the animal life of the region, it is not surprising that, in the early stages of settlement, there were many attempts to tame and domesticate certain of its native fauna.

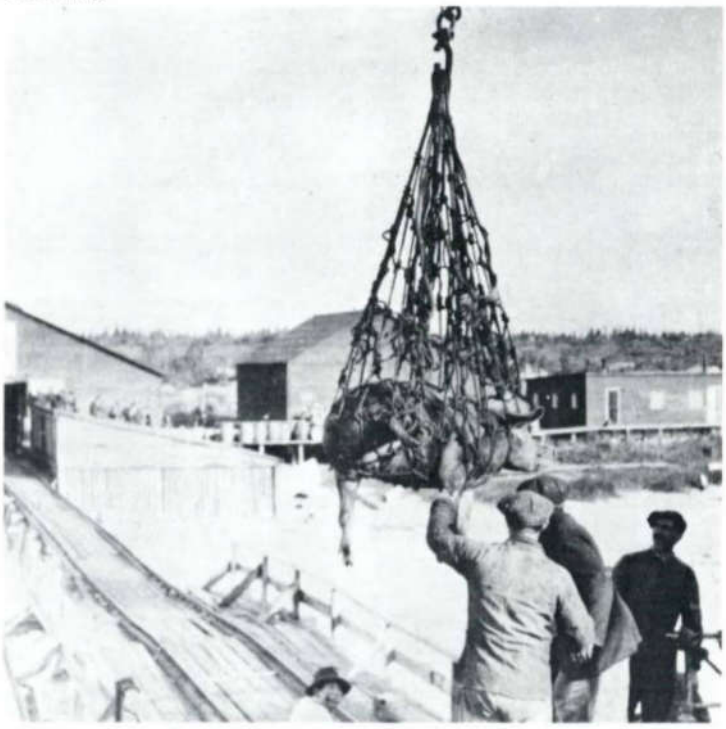
It was the lure of profit from furs that first attracted European settlement to the region in the late 17th century. For the next two hundred years, native animals generated and sustained a network of trading establishments that reached across much of the northern half of the continent. The subsistence needs of this expansive network were largely met by the products of the hunt and of the fishery, so that throughout the fur-trade period, the animals of Rupert's Land both prompted and facilitated the European settlement of this vast northern region of America.

The gathering in the wild of animal products for subsistence and for profit was not always dependable. Nor was it as rewarding as regular production. In addition to simple curiosity, the motives for domesticating the wildlife of Rupert's Land lay in the vagaries of the hunt and of the fisheries, as well as in the need for the efficient production of furs. Those for taming, if not related to the former, lay in the simple companionship of the pet, a diversion perhaps more appreciated in the isolation of the fur posts where men lived close to the wilderness that sustained them.

Despite full use of the native animals for food, including the periodic purchase of surplus meat and fish from local Cree and Chipewyan Indians, the Company during this period was unable to free its settlements of their reliance upon expensive European provisions. Thus, from the outset, the supply of local meat was seen by the men on the Bay as inadequate. The fur resource, in contrast, was viewed as neither inadequate nor diminishing. Rather, fluctuations in the fur returns during this period were generally attributed to the competition of the French and the 'Pedlars' in the hinterland of the Bay. Thus during its first hundred years, the Company's interests in husbanding the wild fauna of Rupert's Land were with a view to improving local food supplies and not the production of the furs from which its profit directly derived.

In its endeavours to defray the cost of importing food from overseas, the Hudson's Bay Company from the beginning encouraged gardening and animal husbandry at all of its Bayside settlements. Although the Company initially hoped to replace English provisions with the produce of local agriculture, this objective was gradually abandoned. By the early decades of the 18th century, agricultural policies had adjusted to the realities of environment and economy along the Bay and farming was confined to kitchen gardens comprised of a few cool-season roots and greens, and to the careful management of small numbers of cattle and hogs, largely of the diminutive, but hardy, Orkney breeds. Some fowl and a few sheep and goats occasionally figured among the livestock. Although the produce of the gardens improved the diet, the limited and often irregular supplies of meat from domestic livestock had little or no impact upon the costs of food. A last resort in the endeavour to increase local food production was the attempt to domesticate some of the fauna indigenous to the Bayside.

J.H.A. WILMOT



Unloading a pig at the H B C post on Charlton Island, 1916.

The focus in this respect was upon the bird life, which yielded the bulk of the food afforded by the hunt. In spring and fall, vast numbers of aquatic birds, especially geese, were taken in the immense shore marshes flanking the Bay. In winter, flocks of partridge and grouse were hunted in the surrounds of the posts.

Although the experiments with the bird life of the region proved of little economic consequence, the various attempts to domesticate wild geese, and the Canada goose in particular, were successful insofar as these birds were effectively maintained in captivity. One of the persons to conduct experiments of this nature was the explorer Samuel Hearne whom Professor Richard Glover described as 'head and shoulders superior to every North American naturalist who preceded Audubon.' The manner in which Canada geese were acquired and maintained, as well as the use to which they were put at Churchill Factory in the year 1781, was described by Hearne as follows:

> They breed in great numbers in the plains and marshes near Churchill River; and in some years the young ones can be taken in considerable numbers, and are easily tamed; but will never learn to eat corn [i.e. grain], unless some of the old ones are taken with them, which is easily done while in a moulting state. . . . I sent some Indians up Churchill River in canoes to procure some of those Geese, and in the afternoon they were seen coming down the river with a large flock before them; the young ones not more than half-grown, and the old ones so far in a moulting state as not to be capable of flying; so that . . . the whole flock, to the amount of forty-one, was drove within the stockade which incloses the Fort, where they were fed and fattened for Winter use. Wild Geese taken and fattened in this manner are much preferable to any tame Geese in the world. When this species of Geese are full-grown, and in good condition, they often weigh twelve pounds, but more frequently much less.

Andrew Graham, whose pioneer work on Bayside ornithology was of great note, was particularly interested in keeping the different species of wild geese frequenting the Bay. At Fort Severn in 1772-73 he wrote: 'Indians brought in several young grey geese [Canada geese], which I design to bring up, having brought many to live in the cow house all winter, and send them to England where they breed.' He also noted that 'My young snow and Canada geese eat oats, and thrive wonderfully well, the same as European tame geese.' Graham was successful in sending geese from Severn to England, where they bred in captivity at Bayfield in Hertfordshire.

At York Fort, numerous attempts were made to raise grouse in captivity. The most interesting experiments were with the sharp-tailed grouse. Although plentiful at the Bottom of the Bay and in the interior, the sharp-tailed grouse was only occasionally taken at York. In an endeavour to propagate this species at the factory, its eggs were incubated under domestic fowl at York. The eggs were hatched successfully, but the young grouse failed to survive. In Hearne's view, 'they always died, probably for the want of proper food; for the hens that hatched them

Flightless snow and blue geese that have been herded five miles along the Boas River to a banding pen on Southampton Island.

THOMAS BARRY, CWS

were equally fond of them, as they could possibly have been had they been the produce of their own eggs.' A somewhat different experiment was attempted with partridges across the Bay at Richmond Fort in 1751. There, on the bleak shores of the Eastmain, the partridges were taken alive with nets and kept in a building especially constructed to hold them. As many as 120 partridges were maintained in the coop at one time but the mortality rate of the birds in captivity was so high that the project had to be abandoned.

Although there were no attempts to systematically domesticate or regulate the fur-bearing fauna during this period, a number of fur-bearing animals were kept as pets at the Bayside at this time, as well as in the interior in later periods. Included among them was the mink, which Hearne considered the easiest to domesticate among the fur bearers and which has since proved capable of being raised commercially in captivity. Hearne wrote, 'They are the easiest to tame and domesticate of any animal I know, except a large species of field-mice, called the Hair-tailed Mouse... I have kept several of them, but their over-fondness made them troublesome, as they were always in the way; and their so frequently emitting a disagreeable smell, rendered them quite disgusting.'

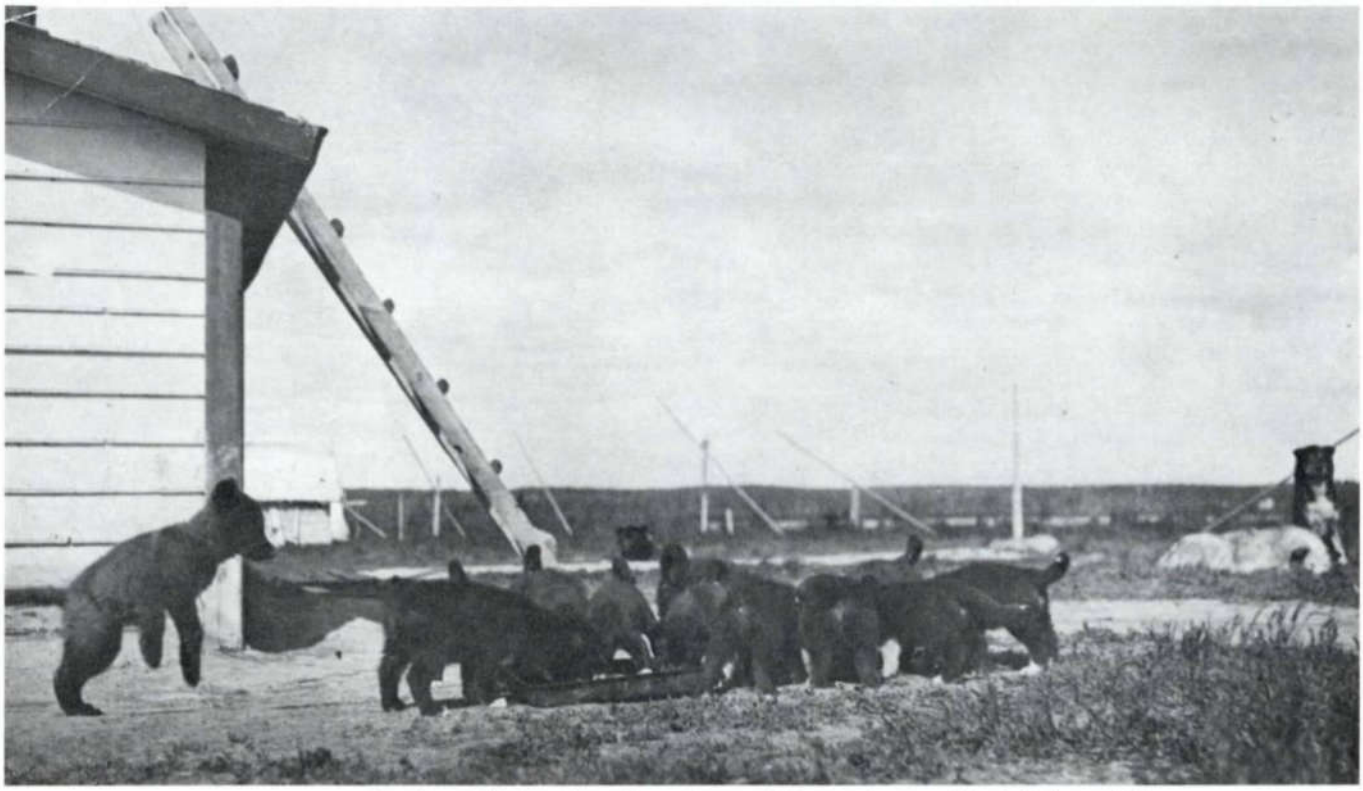
In addition to mink, the fur bearers which, in Hearne's opinion, were capable of varying degrees of domestication were the beaver, the arctic fox, the muskrat, and the ground squirrel. Hearne, who had a genuine affection for animals, recorded keeping beaver that 'became so domesticated as to answer to their name, and follow those to whom they were accustomed, in the same manner as a dog would do; and they were as much pleased at being fondled, as any animal I ever saw.' Writing about the same time, the fur trader Edward Umfreville similarly noted: 'The Beaver is of a very docile disposition, and when taken young and properly brought up, may be made to discover a very faithful and affectionate regard for his keeper. I once possessed a young male which, after a month's keeping, would follow me about like a dog; and when I had been absent from him for a couple of hours, he would show as much joy at my return as one of the canine species could possibly do.'

The arctic fox, in contrast, could be tamed only if taken young and even then, according to Hearne, 'they are always impatient of confinement.' Of the muskrat, Hearne observed 'They are easily tamed, and soon grow fond; are very cleanly and playful, and smell exceedingly pleasant of musk; but their resemblance to a Rat is so great that few are partial to them.' The ground squirrel was similarly easily tamed, but the common squirrel, despite many attempts, responded in a very limited way to Hearne's attempts at domestication. The same was true of the ermine, of which he wrote 'I have taken much pains to tame and domesticate this beautiful animal, but never could succeed; for the longer I kept it the more restless and impatient it became.' The tendency of this animal to take up residence in the buildings of the fur posts led the explorer and scientist, Dr John Richardson of the Franklin expedition, to comment that 'It is a bold animal, and often domesticates itself in the habitations of the fur traders, where it may be heard the livelong night pursuing the white-footed mouse'.

Robert Hood, midshipman with Franklin, did this painting of an ermine in the officers', winter quarters at Cumberland House in the winter of 1819-20. Reproduced from 'To the Arctic by Canoe', edited by C. Stuart Houston, with permission of McGill-Queens University Press.

Other fur bearers kept at the posts included the fisher and the otter. Nicholas Garry described a tame otter at Bas de la Rivière as a 'most playful and affectionate little animal.' Andrew Graham asserted that the fisher could be easily tamed, noting that they 'are very fond of tea-leaves, have a pleasant musky smell, and are very playfull.'

Among the larger animals, Hearne found that the moose was 'the easiest to tame and domesticate of any of the deer kind. I have repeatedly seen them at Churchill as tame as sheep, and even more so; for they would follow their keeper any distance from home and at his call return with him'. Joseph Colen, who had served as Chief at York Factory, commented that 'I had two of these animals Tame and followed me the same as my domestic animal — They were sent to England and are now in the Park of the Duke of Norfolk.' Andrew Graham observed that caribou fawns were kept at York Factory and had 'grown so tame that they would follow the men about the Fort, and eat bread, moss, pease etc. out of their hands.' In contrast to the moose, which is so peculiarly North American, the barren ground caribou was often compared to the domestic reindeer of Eurasia and, in this context, thought to offer potential as a draft animal. The first to write about this possibility was the Irishman, Arthur Dobbs, whose *An Account of the Countries adjoining to Hudson's Bay* published in 1744 was the first book devoted to the Hudson's Bay Company and its territories. Dobbs thought that the



A pet bear cub joins a litter of pups for a meal. From a photograph by A. Richter, c.1920.

homeland of the barren ground caribou was the least capable of the Company's territories of settlement and commercial improvement. As with the lands of the Lapps and the Samoyeds he observed that 'Advantage may be made of the most northerly parts; tho' few or no Europeans settle there, by civilizing the Natives and learning them the Use of Rain-Deer and Sledges . . . so that an Advantage may be had of the coldest Parts of the Country.' Eighty years later, the use of caribou as draft animals at the Company's northern settlements was given serious consideration by Governor George Simpson. Simpson hoped they would eventually replace dogs at the northern posts and, in this connection, wrote to the Chief Factor at York in 1821 that 'I am anxious that the York Indians should be directed to get a few young Deer in the Spring, as with proper training I think they may supercede the use of dogs.' The advantage in using caribou was seen in their ability to live off the land. The dogs, in contrast, consumed large amounts of meat and fish and thereby competed directly with the men for the limited food resources of the Bayside. Although there is no evidence of attempts to employ caribou in the transport at the northern settlements, they had been kept at York as pets and it is hard to think that they were not tried in the harness, if only in an occasional or incidental manner.

There were few animals in Rupert's Land that the fur traders did not take as pets. Even the bears,

A kitten encounters Buddy, a polar bear cub, aboard the Company's supply ship 'Nascopie'.

including the polar bear, were occasionally kept at the posts. Edward Umfreville wrote that the black bear was the least offensive of the bears of Rupert's Land and that, when taken young, was 'the most docile and susceptible of kind usage.' Alexander Henry the Younger described two black bears kept at his fur post at Pembina which 'became perfectly tame.' Hearne further observed that 'It is common for the Southern Indians to tame and domesticate the young cubs.' He also noted that they were sometimes taken so young

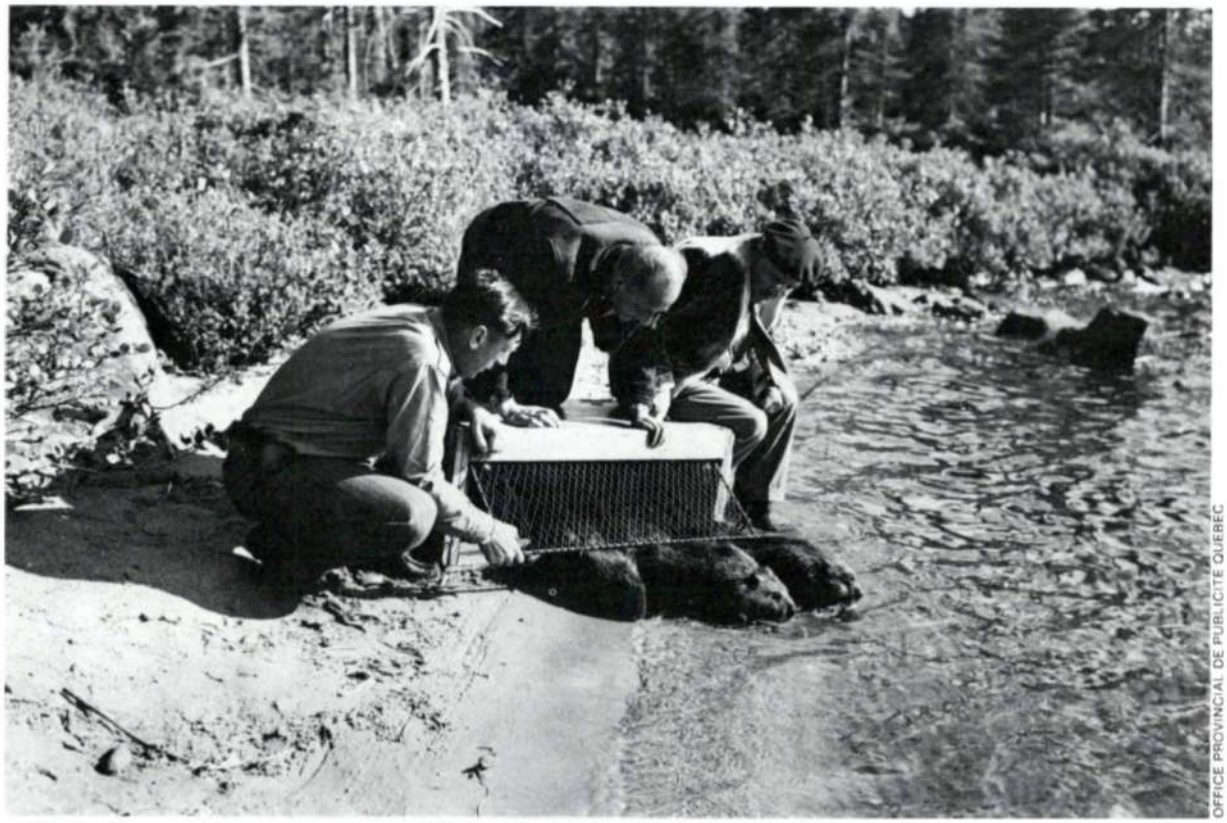
PROVINCIAL MUSEUM AND ARCHIVES OF ALBERTA

Hearne found the moose 'the easiest to tame and domesticate of any of the deer kind'. Here, a domesticated moose is yoked for work on the homestead.

that they could not eat and that, on occasions of this nature 'the Indians oblige their wives who have milk in their breasts to suckle them.' The polar bear, although undoubtedly not as docile as the black bear, was described by David Thompson as 'easily tamed'. Of a young polar bear brought to Fort Churchill by one of the Company's whaling boats, Thompson wrote the following:

> At first he had to be carefully protected from the dogs, but he soon increased in size and strength to be a full match for them, and the blow of his fore feet kept them at a distance. This Bruin continued to grow, and his many tricks made him a favourite, especially with the sailors, who often wrestled with him, and his growing strength gave them a cornish hug.

Attempts at taming also extended to the songbirds and birds of prey, including the eagle, the hawk, the snow-bird, the lark, the Lapland longspur and the Canada jay. Of the hawk, Hearne recorded that 'The Indians are fond of taming those birds, and frequently keep them the whole Summer; but as the Winter approaches they generally take flight, and provide for



OFFICE PROVINCIAL DE PUBLICITÉ QUÉBEC

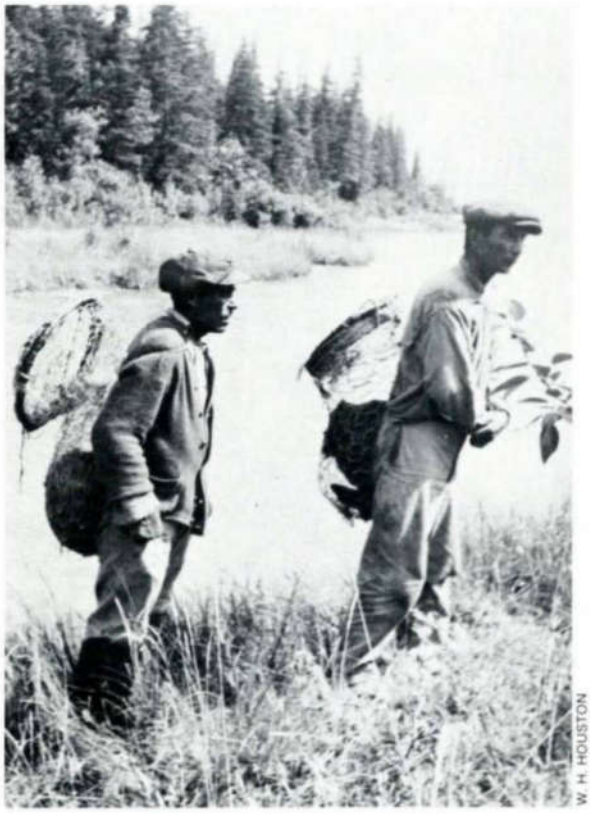
The first Company beaver preserve was established at Charlton Island in 1839, and in 1844 a second sanctuary was set up south of Rupert's River. Company beaver preserves around James Bay are now maintained by the Québec and federal governments.

themselves. When at Cumberland House I had one of them, of which my people were remarkably fond; and as it never wanted for food, would in all probability have remained with us all the Winter, had it not been killed by an Indian who did not know it to be tame.' Of the bald eagle, he wrote 'They are the most ravenous of any bird I know; for when kept in confinement . . . I have known two of them eat more than a bushel of fish in a day.'

The snow-bird generally flies in large flocks and was taken as a game bird in the early spring at the factories on the Bay. Although there were no attempts to keep these birds in captivity for culinary purposes, Hearne commented that 'They live long in confinement, have naturally a pleasing note, and when in company with Canary birds soon imitate their song. I have kept many of them in the same room with Canary birds, and always found they sung in Winter as well as in Summer; but even in confinement they change their plumage according to the season, the same as in a wild state.' Other songbirds, however, did not adapt as well to captivity. The Canada jay, according to Hearne, 'never lives long in captivity', while the Lapland longspur 'when kept in cages has a pleasing note, but seldom lives long in confinement, though it generally dies fat.'

The first serious plan to domesticate the fur bearers of Rupert's Land occurred after the Company had settled the interior, and at a time when the regional fur resource was depleting at an unprecedentedly rapid rate. This almost wanton destruction of the fur bearers was occasioned by the intense struggle for ascendancy in the fur trade that developed between the British and Canadian fur traders in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. One response to the decline in the trade of beaver skins was a communication received in 1806 by the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company 'respecting the possibility of rearing the Beaver under Eye and management of your Servants and near your Factories in Hudson's Bay.'

Little is known of the author of this proposal, Frank Oakey, although it is clear that he had discussed his plan with men who had served in the Company's territories and was convinced of its practicability. He was, for example, aware that beaver had been kept at the Company's factories where they 'became tame — would knaw Brooms to pieces and attempt to build a strong proof that had their situation been more extensive they would have followed their natural propencityes.' Like Thomas Pennant in his classic *Arctic Zoology*, published in England in two volumes in 1784-85, Oakey compared the beaver to the bee, observing that 'The Beaver and the Bee are nearly alike



W. H. HOUSTON

Beavers are transferred in wire-netting cages to the Attawapiskat preserve on the west coast of James Bay.

in instinct Wonderfull in their management of their Buildings and alike providing in the Summer for their wants in Winter — The Bee altho once wild — becomes now acquainted with those about them, and will remain when it is placed.'

Whatever his profession, there can be little doubt that Oakey was much more than a casual observer of the English peltry trade. To convince the Committee of the value of his plan, he produced various statistics on the declining import of beaver skins from Canada and from Hudson Bay, while to allay any doubts they might have entertained about the economics of the scheme, he wrote that 'the animal would be worth Breeding as a Provision to the Servants at the Factories either fresh or salted — supposing the skins and castorum was worth nothing.' As to the feasibility of his scheme, he observed that 'One of the Honble Committee had ample proof that when he had a pair of Beaver placed in his grounds they began their injenious Work towards Building, (the forerunner of their Breeding) by cutting and teasing down his Shrubberies Trees etc.' Whether the proof was ample or not, the Committee enthusiastically endorsed Oakey's plan. In the spring of 1806, the Governor and Committee wrote to York Factory requesting Governor Auld to assess the plan and 'to give orders immediately Inland to secure a number of Young Beaver for the purpose'. Auld's reply, however, was so devastatingly negative that the Committee instantly dropped the whole affair. In Auld's view, 'The least or even the greatest attempt, with the aid of all your Servants at York Factory to execute the plans of propagating Beaver as a commercial concern here or we think any part of the Country would shew in the Undertakers marks not only of Folly but signs of insanity.'

Although Auld had flatly, if not arrogantly, refused to give the scheme a trial, the idea of rearing beaver in Rupert's Land was revived by Governor Simpson following the union of the two fur companies in 1821. By this time, the Company had embarked upon a variety of schemes to recruit the fur-bearing populations in regions that had been overtrapped during the competition. It was in one of these devastated areas that Simpson planned to experiment with raising beaver. Although in the beginning he failed to commit the men and resources necessary to complete the experiment, Simpson was struck by its potential merit, observing that 'if it succeeds it will be the most important measure that ever has been attempted in Rupert's Land, and the parking of Beaver will be entered upon with as much attention throughout the Country as the rearing of Sheep Cattle and livestock in other parts of the World.' Accordingly, Simpson wrote the following to the Governor and Committee in 1832:

> The parking of Beaver, or rearing them within enclosures, has in this country long been considered practicable, but the experiment has never been made: Mr. [John Lee] Lewes, however, at my request is about to give it a fair trial, and has taken his measures to commence operations this autumn. The spot he has selected appears well adapted for the purpose, it is situated on a small stream which falls into Oxford Lake, so near the establishment that he can visit it frequently and protect it from Indians. This spot, about 2 miles in circumference, he means to surround with a picketing of dry Pine, which they cannot climb, and which we do not think will cut through, and the stream will be barred with a grating of iron wire. Into this enclosure he means to put a pair of old and a few Young Beaver, and if we find that they get through the first winter and breed, the rearing of Beaver on a large scale may become an object deserving of attention.

In 1833 Lewes reported that he had been unable to spare his men from more urgent tasks and had consequently done nothing towards the beaver park. Well aware of the labour demands of the trade, Simpson replied that 'If the Beaver Park cannot be completed this season, without . . . deranging our plans . . . let the work lay over for another year, as it must give way to the more pressing duties and demands of the Summer business.' However, since the park could not be constructed without upsetting the business of the post, the project was indefinitely postponed. In 1836 Chief Trader R.S. Miles suggested to Governor Simpson that a beaver sanctuary be established on Charlton Island. The venture got underway in 1839 with instructions from Simpson to 'Spare no reasonable expense'. The report on Charlton was so

'Buffalo Hunt on Plains'. A water-colour by H. G. Hine, 1847.

favourable that a second preserve was started in 1844 on Ministickawotton, south of Rupert's River.

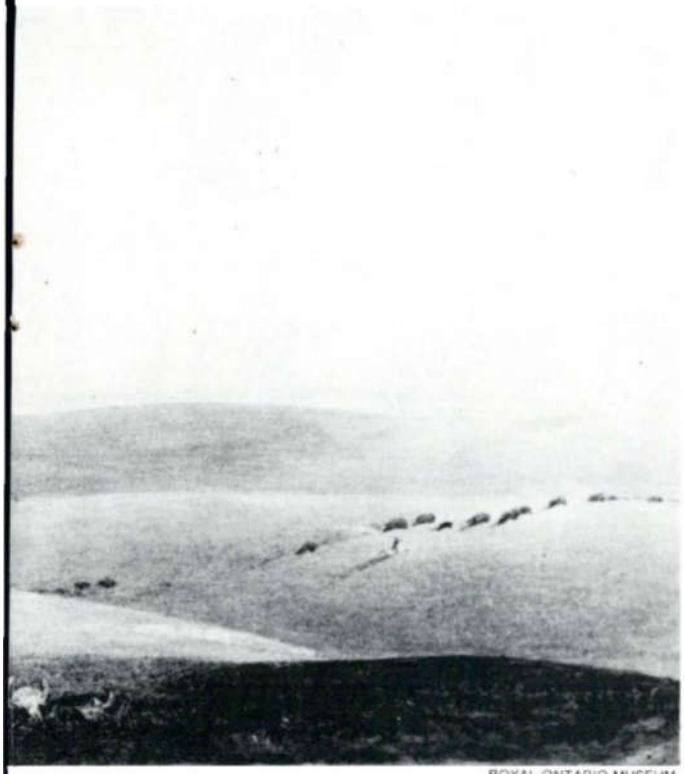
Of all the animals of Rupert's Land, none seemed more amenable to domestication than the plains bison or buffalo. The very physical appearance of these animals grazing in the parkland or open prairie evoked images of domestic cattle in the minds of early English observers. Anthony Henday described the first groups of buffalo he encountered as '2 Herds of Cows' and a few weeks later wrote of 'Buffalo in great droves like unto Smithfield Market.' At the same time, zoologists were sanguine about the possibility of buffalo domestication. In this connection, Thomas Pennant wrote:

> These were the only animals which had any affinity to the European cattle on the first discovery of the new world . . . This animal might have been brought to all the uses of the European Cow; the Pecari might have been substituted for the Hog; the Fox or Wolf for the Dog; but the natives, living wholly by chase, were at war with the animal creation, and neglected the cultivation of any part, except the last which was imperfectly tamed . . . Attempts have been made to tame and domesticate the wild [buffalo], by catching the calves and bringing them up with the common kind, in hopes of improving the breed. It has not yet been found to answer . . . probably perseverance in continuing the crosses is only wanted to effect their thorough domestication; as it is notorious that the Bisons of the old world were the original stock of all our tame cattle.

The first of the fur traders to comment upon the potential importance of the buffalo as a domesticate was Edward Umfreville. Writing several years after the publication of Pennant's *Arctic Zoology*, Umfreville commented that 'Should this inland country ever be established, and manufacturers settled therein, every part of this animal would turn to account: as for tallow, hides, hair, horns and hoofs. They might also be tamed to the plough and that with the greatest facility, by taking them young in the month of April or May, which a man who is swift of foot may do without the assistance of a horse.'

Until the demise of the fur trade in Western Canada in 1870, the fur traders of the region occasionally kept buffalo in captivity. Thus, Nicholas Garry observed 'two tame Buffaloes' at Bas de la Rivière in 1821, the Fort Pelly Account Book lists a buffalo cow in the livestock inventory of the Swan River District in 1859, while in the same year at Fort Ellice, James Carnegie, Earl of Southesk, wrote of a 'two-year-old buffalo heifer . . . grazing about quite quietly in the neighbouring prairie, among the common dairy cows belonging to the establishment.' In contrast to the incidental and isolated attempts to keep buffalo at the fur posts, the first decade of the Red River Settlement witnessed repeated attempts to domesticate and cross-breed the buffalo.

One of the many obstacles facing the infant agricultural colony at Red River was the acquisition of sufficient numbers of livestock to permit individual ownership among the settlers. Wherever livestock were to be obtained, either from Europe or from the settled regions of North America, it was going to take



ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

time and a great deal of expense to deliver them the immense overland distances to the Red River Colony. In the meanwhile, Lord Selkirk, the founder of the colony, suggested rearing buffalo calves in captivity and cross-breeding the buffalo with the few domestic cattle available. During the colonists' first winter at Pembina several buffalo calves were caught and kept at Fort Daer, but perished from a lack of milk. Although the governor of the colony, Miles Macdonell, judged the whole experiment a failure, he would try again. At the start of the 1814-1815 winter, a domestic cow was sent up to Pembina 'to provide milk for buffalo calves, with a view to a cross with the European bull, in the hope of securing a herd of cross-bred cattle for the settlers.' This venture also failed and the whole idea of buffalo domestication was put aside for some time.

In the summer of 1817, an enclosure was erected at the colony in which it was intended to rear buffalo calves and also adult buffaloes if the latter could be caught. In July 1818, Father Provencher identified a tame buffalo bull and cow, along with an eighteen-month-old buffalo calf, as the only domestic animals at the colony. The following winter a prime attraction at Red River was a buffalo heifer, doing well in captivity and thought to be at least as tame as any of the domestic cattle. However, an attempt to mate this animal with a domestic bull met with no success. Alexander Macdonell, the governor of the colony, wrote that 'The English bull at the farm [Hayfield] will not look at the Buffalo cow there, tho. she is now three years old. I therefore think they will not cross.'

More successful than cross-breeding was the attempt to use the buffalo cow as a draft animal. She had been tried in the plough and had done remarkably well. One of the settlers, John Pritchard, believed that, once tamed, the buffalo would prove itself the best work animal as well as a good milker, 'and if so they are the best stock, being the most hardy and adapted already to the climate.' By the summer of 1820, there were eighteen buffaloes, 'tame as European cattle' amongst the settlers. The following year the first successful cross-breeding at Red River was recorded by Nicholas Garry. The resulting offspring, either to satisfy curiosity or disbelief, was shipped to Britain.

Judging from the relative absence of references to tame buffalo in the early 1820s, interest in these animals as livestock quickly declined at Red River. In 1823, for example, when W. H. Keating visited the colony with the Long Expedition, he observed only a single buffalo bull working in the fields at Red River. The first large-scale acquisition by the settlers of domestic livestock, mainly cattle from Missouri, was in 1822. This influx, together with the increasing availability of domestic cattle in subsequent years, rendered the earlier experiments with buffalo redundant. Henceforth, tame buffalo remained essentially curiosities at some of the Company's fur posts. ◆

A domesticated buffalo on Lord Strathcona's farm at Silver Heights, March 1898.

FRANK LEGGO

MINA

BY MARGERY HINDS

Mina as she appeared at the time of the Belcher Islands murders, when her religious frenzy resulted in the death of two women and four children.

MINA'S STORY was vaguely known to me long before 1950 when I went to Port Harrison (now Inoucdjouac), Arctic Quebec, to open the first federal school there. The details of her role in the Belcher Islands Eskimo murders of 1941 I learned only after I knew that I would be living at the nursing station where Mina was housekeeper.

Towards the end of 1940, shooting stars were seen by Inuit living on Flaherty, one of the Belcher Islands in Hudson Bay. This phenomenon caused a religious revival among members of Charlie Ouyarak's camp. When news of the excitement reached Mina, then living in a small camp on nearby Camsell Island, she decided to go to Charlie's camp where her brother, Peter Sala, and his family also lived.

Mina became as ecstatic as Charlie and Peter, and with them became a ringleader in proclaiming that Jesus was coming. Not all members of the camp believed them even though they had read in the New Testament in their own language that when the end of the world was near there would be signs in the heavens.

A disbelieving thirteen-year-old girl, Sara, was beaten to death. Then Ketowieak, the 47-year-old catechist who strongly disapproved of Sara's murder, was repeatedly struck with a harpoon and finally shot. The three ringleaders then decided to leave Flaherty Island and camp on Tukarak Island where, for a week or two, life seemed almost normal. But early in February 1941, frenzy again seized the three ringleaders, and Alec, the disbelieving son of the murdered catechist, was shot.

Again they decided to move. This time Mina went back to Camsell Island, about five miles from Tukarak. Some of her relatives went with her, but Charlie went to a different camp and Peter Sala visited Great Whale River.

For a time all was well. The religious frenzy seemed to have worn itself out, until suddenly, in March 1941, Mina announced that she had been told in a vision that the end of the world was near. She invited everyone to go out on the sea ice to meet Jesus.

No one accepted her invitation. Some scurried back into their igloos. Mina took a long-lashed dog-whip and drove thirteen others out onto the frozen sea where she made them undress. Four adults and three children managed to turn back and put on some clothes before coming to harm, but two women and four children were driven farther and farther out on

the ice and froze to death. Mina, meanwhile, remained fully clothed.

Within a short while, alerted by Ernest Riddell, manager in the Belchers for the Hudson's Bay Company, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were on the scene. Later, during her trial at Moose Factory, Mina behaved so outrageously that she was considered insane. For one thing, according to reports, she flung herself upon a constable and knocked him down.

Mina was taken to Toronto for observation and treatment. Her insanity was considered not dangerous, and it was thought that if she were returned to her own environment she would become normal. However, she would have to live where the police could keep an eye on her. As Port Harrison was the only RCMP detachment in the vast area of Mina's environment, to Port Harrison she went.

In those days Port Harrison was the largest settlement in the Eastern Arctic, with the RCMP detachment, Department of Transport weather station, radiosonde station, Hudson's Bay Company trading post, a federal government nursing station, an Anglican mission, and some forty or fifty Inuit. Some of the Inuit were employed at the various establishments: the men as general helpers or special constables and the women as housekeepers. Until Nurse Iona Andrews took charge of the nursing station Mina lived a normal life, in an igloo in winter and in a canvas tent in summer.

Nurse Andrews thought that regular employment would be good for Mina. Corporal Alf Mansell agreed, so Mina became housekeeper at the nursing station.

She continued to live in her own home and came to work at eight o'clock every morning. When the washing up, house cleaning, laundry work and general duties of looking after the house and wards were finished she was free until evening when she returned to wash the supper dishes and do whatever else was necessary.

When I arrived at Port Harrison in January 1950 by the four-times-a-year mail plane which carried the Christmas mail, everyone in the settlement was assembled on the frozen Innuksuac River to greet it. Although I didn't know her at the time, Mina was there at the front of that crowd waiting for the white people's eyes to be turned towards her.

MARGERY HINDS

Mina dances with Pingua at the Port Harrison (now Inoucdjouac) nursing station where she was a cheerful, willing worker.

Margery Hinds, author of 'Makpa', 'Schoolhouse in the Arctic' and other northern books, taught for many years in Canadian Arctic settlements.

Nurse Andrews met me at the plane. On the way to the nursing station she explained that she was being transferred and would be leaving in about three months' time. She continued, 'I expect you've been told about Mina. She was there at the plane but I didn't point her out to you as that's what she expects every time a new-comer arrives. Then, when people look in her direction, she steps forward, smiles and bows, as much as to say 'Yes, here I am. I am Mina!'

Soon I was introduced to Mina. She was a small cheerful person with a firm handshake and a warm, friendly smile. She sang softly as she went about her work — mostly hymn tunes with Eskimo words. Now and again she had one-sided conversations with Pingua, the nurse's cocker spaniel puppy, which usually ended with chuckles of laughter from Mina and yaps of joy from the puppy.

'Mina seems to have learned a lot while she was in Toronto, though she didn't pick up much English' commented Nurse Andrews who knew enough Eskimo to manage adequately. 'She's a very good worker — clean, punctual and thorough.'

Proof of Mina's thoroughness came soon after my arrival. When I began preparations for a bath, the water ran out onto the floor almost as fast as it was poured into the tub — water that had been carried from the river, heated on the stove and taken to the bathroom. Mina had been a long time cleaning the bathroom that morning. She had given special attention to the black cement that fixed the plug-holder. Thinking it was congealed dirt, she had removed it all with the screwdriver.

When she came to do the washing up each evening, Mina brought her clock to synchronize with nursing-station time to ensure punctuality. One morning, soon after Nurse Andrews had left Port Harrison it was almost nine o'clock before Mina came in, looking tired but smiling radiantly. After a brief apology for lateness she said 'Louisa had a new baby at four o'clock this morning.' Then, like an angler boasting of his catch, she showed the baby's size with hands spaced about eighteen inches apart, 'As big as this!'

'Go home and have a sleep' I suggested. 'Come back later.' 'First I'll do my work here, then I'll go home' she decided. 'Later I want to do some washing for Louisa.'

So Mina did her work and I went to see Louisa who was sitting up in bed on the sleeping platform sewing, with her beautiful baby sleeping contentedly beside her. All new-born Inuit babies are beautiful, with smooth unwrinkled skin and faint smiles. Louisa told me that Mina had been a great help though Willya, the special constable, had actually delivered the baby. By the time I returned to the nursing station Mina had finished her work and, as usual before she went home, was rolling a day's supply of cigarettes.

A week or two later during a three-day blizzard Mina had not been long gone from work when she came back to ask for dirty water. There was none in the pail under the sink: Noah, the choreman, had just taken it away. Mina found some under the wash-bowl in the bathroom and happily took it with her.

Curious about why anyone would want dirty water in the middle of a howling blizzard, I put on my parka and sealskin boots and went to see.

There, precariously perched on her igloo and buffeted by the wind, Mina was carefully pouring the water onto a thin place near the top. Hard powdery snow driven by the gale had abraded the thick snow-blocks to extreme thinness. The water froze as soon as it touched the igloo, forming a coat of smooth ice which would not easily be worn away.

Mina handed down her small pail for me to fetch more water from inside the igloo. She completed her job, scrambled to the ground and started to cut snow-blocks to make a windbreak near the entrance to her outer porch.

Later that day when I told the H B C manager about Mina fixing her igloo, he said he was not surprised, and related several incidents that emphasized her skill in performing jobs usually regarded as men's work. She was, he said, a self-sufficient and determined person.

During the summer there were many changes at Port Harrison. The new nurse arrived. School buildings were erected and I moved into the teacherage. Police, radio, and radiosonde personnel were transferred. The new-comers seemed to have only a vague idea of Mina's past history and she ceased to have opportunities to perform her act when a plane came in.

One day not long after I moved from the nursing station, Mina called at the teacherage. Pingua, a gift to me from Nurse Andrews when she left, went to greet her affectionately but turned away just as he got near to her, as though sensing something unpleasant. I had already noticed that Mina's exuberance was lacking. She looked angry; her unsmiling countenance was morose and black. Never had I seen her with such a maleficent expression.

'What's the matter?' I asked. She blurted out a string of woes. First, she had lost her job at the nursing station. Second, she had to move her tent to a new place as the site she had occupied for so long was needed for a building and she could not get a new place. She was quite bewildered.

Gradually, however, we sorted out the problems.

'What about putting the tent over there?' I asked, going to the window and pointing to a spot not far from the school and near the shore. 'It will mean a longer walk to get water from the river, but no farther than the school janitor has to go. Besides, you'll have a much better view. You'll be able to see the boats come in during summer and the dog-teams in winter.'

'*Naakumiik*," she said, thanking me.

MARGERY HINDS

When Mina first arrived at Port Harrison she held the central position in the crowd that met new-comers at the airport. As her notoriety faded, her place of prominence was taken by a rival. Here Mina stands in a dark parka, to the left.

'And, if you'd like to, you can work for me, just a little each day on school days, say from eight o'clock in the morning until I go into school. You won't get as much money or the same rations as you had at the nursing station, but if you'd like to try it for a time I'll be pleased to have your help.'

She seemed greatly relieved, as even Pingua soon knew, for he crept out of his corner and went to her. This time she talked to him, petting him in the same old way, and both of them looked happy.

With the help of friends and neighbours Mina soon settled in her new location. People arriving from camps by boat were frequent visitors at her tent. When winter came her camp friends built her an igloo. But whether she was living in a tent or an igloo her home was always clean, and her clock was usually at the right time. She checked it daily at the teacherage.

One Friday morning towards spring, after my second winter at Port Harrison, Mina told me she was going fishing the next day. When I said I would like to go with her she wondered whether I could walk that far.

'The lake I want to go to is a very long way away' she said, adding a long description, much of which I couldn't understand. However, it was decided that she should call for me at eight o'clock the next morning.

At eight o'clock precisely, under a cloudless sky we set off. Mina had an ice-chisel and a sealskin bag containing two flattened cartons and fish-hooks on lengths of string. After about two hours of rough walking we came to a lake covered with clear ice. The winter's snow had melted and run through cracks into the lake. Mina inspected various cracks by kneeling on the carton and peering down.

'The ice is very thick' she said. Then she put down her kneeling mat beside one of the wider openings, dropped a fish-hook into it, wound the end of the string round her mittened right hand and began jigging. She caught nothing and after a while I said I would walk about as I was feeling cold.

'You jig too' she suggested, offering me a flattened carton and a hook on a string, and pointing to her squatting position. 'It's not so cold like this.'

So I went to another crack and jigged unsuccessfully for a very long time, now and again looking to see whether Mina had caught anything. She had not, but there she squatted, determined and hopeful.

To revive my circulation I jogged to the top of a nearby ridge where there were sheltered spots among rocks. In one small bare sandy place, glowing like jewels in the brilliant light, were the first flowers of spring, the purple saxifrage.

Next time I looked at Mina she was standing up and pulling a fish out of the crack in the ice. She took it off the hook, banged its head on the ice a few times and put it down beside her bag. Then, after exercising herself by flinging her arms back and forth across her chest, she settled down to more jigging.

'How much longer?' I wondered, expecting to turn into a block of ice at any moment. I got up from my shelter, exercised as Mina had done, then jogged towards the lake. When I rejoined Mina there were six good-sized fish beside her bag, one of much bigger girth than the others.

'*Naakaluk*!' she commented with a chuckle, pointing to it. Then, as if suddenly remembering that *Naakaluk* — big belly — was the Inuit nickname for one of the white men at Port Harrison she repeated, '*Naakaluk*' amidst more chuckles, and added the polite Inuit word for that person.

'That's all I can carry' she said, looking at the fish. 'So now we'll go home.'

During the months that followed, Mina's time was fully occupied. Apart from her little job at the teacherage, she did sewing for some of the white people, occasionally cleaned skins for the H B C, helped her neighbours and entertained visitors from camps. Towards ship-time, when many people from camps were at the settlement, Mina seemed to enjoy herself immensely at the dances and get-togethers.

On one occasion I saw her dancing with another Inuit woman, a sort of non-stop dance which continued after the accordionist had stopped playing and all the other dancers had left the floor. Alone in the middle of the room, apparently oblivious of everything, the two women danced like automatons, like people in a trance. They seemed unable to stop and to have no idea where they were or what they were doing. Everyone watched silently, though the older Inuit showed signs of disapproval. Then, an older man went to them and put a stop to their dance. Both women seemed dazed and confused, so others came forward to help them to the side of the room.

After the supply ship had departed the camp people began to return to their distant camps. Mina told me she wanted to go to stay with friends in a camp that was a considerable distance south of Port Harrison.

'It's not for me to give you permission' I told her. 'You must ask the RCMP.'

That was the last time I saw her, though until I left Port Harrison I had news of her whenever people came from the region where she was living. For some years I heard nothing of her; then I learned that she had died.

During the years that I was in daily contact with Mina there was no indication to me of her earlier outbursts of murderous religious frenzy. The Inuit of the whole area knew her story, and when she went to Port Harrison to live I understand that they were on their guard. But her cheerfulness, her willingness to give a hand to anyone needing help, and the fact that the children liked her, soon put them at ease. It seemed that they considered her part in the Belcher Islands murders an unfortunate consequence of her desire to do thoroughly whatever she considered was right and in accordance with the teachings of the Bible. ◆

GRANDMAMA

BY ELISABETH MARGARET HOPKINS

The granddaughter of Edward M. Hopkins, Secretary to Sir George Simpson, recalls her famous 'Grandmama', Artist Frances Anne Hopkins.

COLLECTION OF DR. AND MRS. PAUL KEPKAY

'I should think that *any* grandchild of mine would be able to draw' said Grandmama. 'Potter's Owl' by Elisabeth Hopkins whose one-man show was held at the Bau-Xi Gallery in July 1975. Water-colours are reproduced by courtesy of the Bau-Xi Gallery.

Frances Anne Hopkins in 1863.

NOTMAN ARCHIVES, McCORD MUSEUM

IN MY EARLY LIFE I was blessed with two grandmothers, known as Granny and Grandmama. Their very names suggest that we approached them differently. Granny, our maternal grandmother, was the conventional grandmother of that time. I remember her as an old lady dressed in black silk, wearing a muslin widow's cap and always carrying an ebony cane. I never had much affection for her and I do not recall that she had much for me, which is not surprising as I was a tiresome and difficult child.

Grandmama, my father's stepmother, was a very different woman. She was Frances Anne Hopkins, a painter and adventurer. The few memories I have of her are much clearer than those I have of Granny, whom we saw more often. Her influence was always with us, as our home was filled with her paintings. We were fortunate to be surrounded by so much beauty which, although we appreciated it, we took for granted. I do not remember that she showed us much affection; perhaps we were and are an undemonstrative family. However, she must have been fond of children or she surely would not have married a widower with three small sons. My father was only three when she became his stepmother and she was always devoted to him as he was to her. She had children of her own later, but it seems to me that it was to my father she turned in any crisis. He always celebrated her February birthday by sending her the first snowdrops. She identified herself so completely with her ready-made family that when I was of tender

M.O.H. in this sketch entitled 'Looking down the Ottawa from Carillon May 16, 1860' is Manley Ogden Hopkins, father of Elisabeth Hopkins. From the F.A. Hopkins' sketchbook in the Royal Ontario Museum.

'The Alert'. Water-colour by Elisabeth Hopkins.

age and someone remarked 'We think Betty is going to draw', she said indignantly, 'I should think that *any* grandchild of mine would be able to draw!' The Beechy talent for painting was marked; the portrait painter Sir William Beechy, R.A., was her grandfather, and her father, Rear-Admiral Frederick Beechy, was a good amateur.

When I was about seven she gave me an exquisite wax doll whose name she announced was 'Delia'. I disliked the name and the doll still more. I felt her waxen prettiness put my dearly loved, more plebian dolls at a disadvantage. My younger brother, Martin, hated her too, chiefly because she appeared to have all our actions under review beneath her glassy stare. We suffered from a guilt complex and felt she would report us to Grandmama. We tied a bandage round her eyes which made things better; but it was not till her head got smashed (I may say accidentally) and we tied the head of an otherwise defunct doll onto her shoulders that she became bearable, except for her name, which it never occurred to us to change.

Grandmama must have drawn and painted for us, as I well remember that she pointed her brush with her mouth and used bread as an eraser. She told me to observe that trees are more beautiful in winter than in summer when they are in leaf. When she painted logs, if she were in her studio, she used matches floating in a saucer as models. She helped and inspired me more than I realized at the time. When I was sixteen we moved to a new house and I was given a free hand in the decorating and furnishing of my bedroom. I chose painted white furniture and a wallpaper of a green trellis-work festooned with bunches of red roses. I thought the result perfect till Grandmama very gently told me that a small room such as mine should have a striped paper as that made it look larger. I realized my mistake and never forgot the lesson.

She once told me that the highest compliment she had received was when she was told that her paintings resembled Corot's. She also said that she valued having her paintings shown in the Paris Salon more than in the Royal Academy Exhibitions in London. I was very interested in the story she told me of a professional model who, though he had never before drawn or painted, by watching the painters at work became a successful professional artist. I think his name was Tuke and that later I saw reproductions of some of his work.

'Spring'. This water-colour and others on these pages are by Elisabeth Margaret Hopkins.

In appearance, as I remember her, she was small and very elegant; no black silk and widow's caps for her. She wore a gold chain round her neck, to which was probably attached, as was then the fashion, a lorgnette, though I do not remember it. What I shall never forget are two charms hanging from the chain. One was a minute articulated skeleton called 'Skelly', and the other an equally tiny sarcophagus containing a mummy. They were enough to fascinate any child and I coveted them. She was a good showman; perhaps I should say show-woman, but although she was not exactly unliberated, I am sure she would have disliked the term.

One time when she was visiting us she was making peddler's baskets for some bazaar. Unfortunately I never saw the finished product, but I did see her making the trays out of paper. They measured about two inches by three. She was also making jam pots out of white paper, three-quarters of an inch high and one-quarter of an inch in diameter. The 'pots' were covered with tissue paper tied down with white cotton. I also watched her make minute pairs of scissors from fine wire covered with silver paper. Her appearance showed the neatness and deftness of her fingers, and her paintings showed her attention to detail.

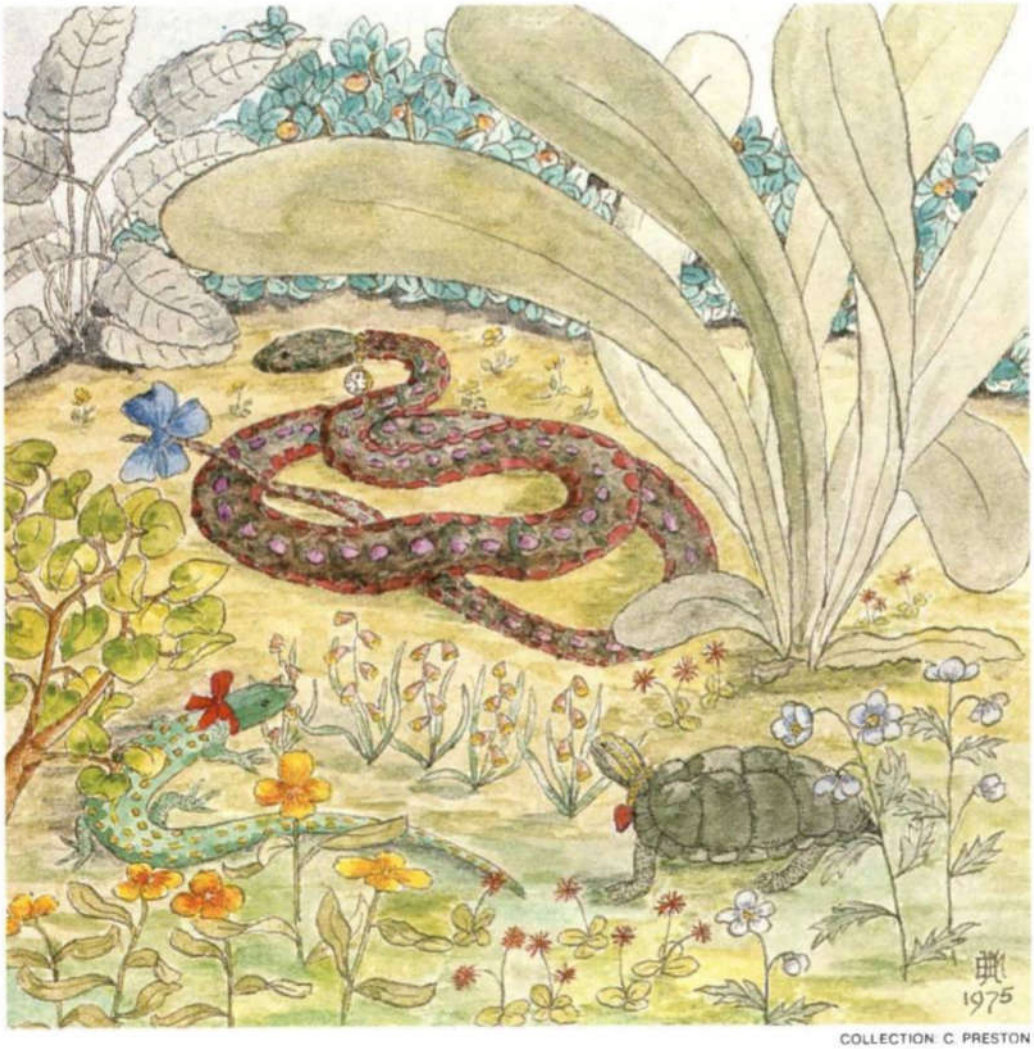
Her interest in me gave me a little self-confidence, in which I was singularly lacking, and I was both surprised and pleased when one day she said, 'Did nobody ever tell you that you have pencilled eyebrows?' I was then in my teens and compliments of that kind were rare in those days and I treasured her remark secretly — even to this day. ◆

Mandala.

COURTESY OF JANE RULE, GALIANO, B. C.

Miss Hopkins and visitors to her show at the Bau-Xi Gallery.

'The Reptiles' Spring Meeting.'



COLLECTION C. PRESTON

Encounters with the Tundra Wolf

BY ALEX M. HALL

Wildlife biologist Hall operates a guiding and outfitting business in the Northwest Territories.

Photographs are by the author.

HALF THE DAY I had walked across boulder-strewn hills flanking a string of lakes lying in the central Barrens. A change in course to circle back to camp brought me trudging up a long slope and onto a high plateau. Just as I gained the rim of the plateau, four bull caribou thundered by, almost knocking me over. Thirty yards out in front of me, a large white wolf braked to a stop. We both froze and stared at each other. Finally, he angled away from me, halted and stared again, then loped off, stopping periodically to look back. With his fluid, light-footed pace he seemed to float over the tundra like a white ghost, finally disappearing from view two miles away.

Such was my first encounter with the tundra wolf. South of the arctic archipelago his home includes that vast unbroken wedge of northern prairie sprawling across half the continent from Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes to Hudson Bay. In summer it is a vast rolling sea of green, spattered with countless clear blue lakes and ribboned by white sandy eskers. To the south and west its stony hill ranges and expansive plains finally merge with the spruce-lichen parkland of the taiga.

Great herds of caribou penetrate deep into these subarctic woodlands in early winter; then in April they begin the long trek back to summer ranges that often lie many hundreds of miles out on the Barrens. With them on their annual migrations goes the tundra wolf, for the caribou are his very lifeblood. This wolf is a nomad by necessity. To survive, his mobility must almost match that of the caribou itself. Only during the denning period, from about mid-May to mid-August, are the breeding packs prevented from roaming with their prey and confined to the vicinity of the den. During the summer, caribou may be out of reach for many weeks on end, and with the added responsibility of feeding their young, this can be a time of hunger for the tundra wolf.

Usually whitish in colour, but sometimes grey or even coal-black, this wolf is a large animal that can weigh up to 140 pounds; ninety pounds is the average. Like all other races of wolves he has evolved a highly sophisticated society based on the pack unit. Essentially a family group that may contain other close relatives, the pack is a hierarchy, usually dominated by the breeding male. More than one female capable of breeding may be present in this basic social unit, but seldom is more than one litter of pups produced. Nevertheless, all members of the pack co-operate to a high degree in hunting large prey and in feeding and guarding the young.

Wolf pups at the den, in the central Barrens near the Mary Frances River.

Through social mechanisms not clearly understood, wolves regulate their own populations in relation to the available food and space with the result that fairly stable numbers are maintained. These social mechanisms manifest themselves by affecting litter sizes and the survival of pups. For example, in 1951 the government began a program of reducing wolf populations on the barren-ground caribou range because of a catastrophic decline in caribou numbers. A handful of men effectively controlled the wolf population over a huge area, using poisoned baits. Although the wolf population present when the program was initiated had a high potential rate of increase, the increase was not realized and most pups died at an early age. During the first years of the campaign young wolves comprised only 13 per cent of the population, but by 1961, after the population had been substantially reduced, pup survival had increased to the point where young wolves made up 73 per cent of the population. In 1961 control measures were relaxed and wolves probably increased to their former numbers within several years.

In the wide-open spaces of the Barren Grounds I have met the tundra wolf a hundred times or more during the past five or six summers. Here, wolves are a common sight, not only because of their white coloration and the distances that one can see, but also because they seldom display genuine fear of man. Here, where man is a stranger, wolves often approach closely — sometimes out of curiosity, sometimes temporarily mistaking man for prey. Usually I have encountered the tundra wolf solitary and on the move, but sometimes he has been asleep, or baby-sitting a litter of pups, or, occasionally, stalking a flock of Canada geese, or gorging himself on caribou.

A few times he has strolled nonchalantly into my camp as if he had been delegated to conduct an official tour of inspection of this two-legged intruder and his strange paraphernalia. I vividly recall one summer evening two years ago when I emerged from the tent to find a large wolf sitting about fifteen yards behind my partner, calmly watching him washing the dishes. When the wolf realized that we had turned the tables on him and that he had become the object of attention, he simply lost interest and lay down to chew on an old caribou bone. Finally, he sauntered off as we closed in on him snapping the shutters of our cameras.

When I was at the University of Toronto one of our team members studying wolf behaviour on Baffin Island told me of an experience that illustrates some of the remarkable qualities of the tundra wolf. The research team was camped close to a wolf den and

daily observed and recorded the activities of the adults and their pups. One female, nicknamed Brownie, was like a big friendly dog that periodically visited them at their campsite. Early one morning when the party was all sound asleep in their big wall tent, Brownie slipped into camp and bit through all the tent's supporting guy ropes, collapsing the whole works on top of its unsuspecting occupants. When my friend finally managed to struggle free, he spotted Brownie sitting on her haunches a short way off, apparently enjoying the whole spectacle. My friend swears she wore a wide grin.

Samuel Hearne, the first great European explorer of the Barren Grounds, declared that the Chipewyan Indians held the wolf and wolverine in such high esteem that few of them would kill either 'under the notion that they were something more than common animals.' These were the same people who 'were so accustomed to kill every thing that came within their reach that few of them could pass by a small bird's nest without slaying the young ones or destroying the eggs.' Yet Hearne wrote that he frequently saw these Indians go to wolf dens 'and take out the young ones and play with them. I never knew a Northern Indian [Chipewyan] to hurt one of them; on the contrary, they always put them carefully into the den again.'

It is no small wonder that explorers and early travellers of the taiga and tundra often felt uneasy when wolves were about. The animals had a disconcerting habit of following their dog-teams for days at a time and sometimes waylaying and devouring the dogs. One of the more interesting comments of this nature was made by RNWM Police Inspector F. H. French in connection with his famous winter patrol across the Barrens. In March of 1917 French and his party set out from Baker Lake to investigate the murders of two adventurers named Radford and Street in the Bathurst Inlet area. Wolves kept up with the patrol most of the way through the interior and on several nights they attacked the dogs, once carrying one off. French stated that one night 'a pack of wolves came around our igloo and it was not before we had killed two of them that they went away.'

Apparently the camps of inland Eskimos were also attacked occasionally by tundra wolves in winter. A few travellers have written that the Caribou Eskimos of the Kazan River region took the threat of wolves seriously enough to keep their children inside the snow-houses when marauding wolves were in their vicinity. An astute observation concerning this wolf was made by John Hornby, a fascinating if somewhat tragic figure, who wandered the Barren Lands during the early part of this century and became a legend in his own time. In 1925 Hornby wrote: 'these wolves are not dangerous and on several occasions I have had wolves come within a few inches during the night.' Many are the tales of less experienced travellers who have interpreted similar behaviour as a serious threat to their lives.

Undoubtedly, most of the stories of hair-raising encounters between wolves and men have been well spiced with imagination or embellished beyond reality. To be sure, they have lost little in the telling. Down through history there have been few reports of outright wolf attacks on humans that merit serious consideration. One concerning tundra wolves was published by J. W. Tyrrell in an account of his exploration, with his brother, of the Dubawnt River in the central Barrens. In August of 1893 their party stumbled into a pack of wolves with pups in tow at Dubawnt Lake. Tyrrell writes: 'as we were hauling the canoes ashore towards the shelter of some rocky cliffs, we were suddenly set upon by a pack of grey wolves. A great gaunt, hungry-looking brute with dilated eyeballs led the attack. He was the largest wolf in the pack and a daring brute, but for once, at least, he met with a surprise, as he was promptly bored end to end with a slug from my brother's rifle. The leader of the pack having been thus treated, the others fled, but revenged themselves by howling at us all night long from the surrounding hills.'

In my own travels on the Barrens I have never been threatened by wolves even though I have often encountered them at close quarters feeding on caribou or guarding young pups, situations which one would suppose to present the most potential danger. Last

Tundra wolf on the beach of Ursus Island in the Thelon River.

Part of a herd of more than 125,000 caribou on the move near Contwoyto Lake. The column of animals is about eight miles long and one mile wide.

summer, for instance, I came upon two white wolves curled up asleep beside the entrance to a den containing six pups. They must have had a long, weary night of hunting for I walked to within fifteen feet of them, made the proper adjustments to my camera, then whistled to waken them for a photograph. After whistling three times to no avail, I finally got them to raise their heads after a shout. What they saw must have been quite a shock for they sat bolt upright, then streaked off with their tails between their legs.

It is not unusual for wolves to display mild forms of aggression towards man in the vicinity of a den. Several times I have found dens after wolves had 'tipped their hands' by following me quite closely or by howling and barking at me. Although wolves often show great concern for the welfare of their pups by vocalizing and positioning themselves where they can closely watch the activities of human intruders about their dens, there have been very few reports of wolves actively defending their young against man.

Only twice have I experienced moments of uneasiness with wolves; both times were associated with occupied dens. The first occurred in the treed oasis along the Thelon River in the heart of the Barrens. My partner and I were paddling our canoe close to an island with a wide gravel beach, our attention on a muskox we had just spotted ahead. Suddenly, a wolf stood up on the island beside us, stared for a few seconds, then melted into the willow thickets near by. Two more wolves emerged from a depression in the beach and followed suit. Just as we brought our canoe to shore, four dun-coloured pups sat up in front of us but lost little time in scrambling up a bank and disappearing.

Hot on their heels and armed with our cameras, we barged into the willow where we soon spotted the whole family walking single file along a little sandy ridge supporting a few stunted spruce. When we reached the ridge we found several gaping holes in the ground but no wolves were in sight. I was down on all fours peering into one of the entrances to the den when, warned by some sixth sense, I glanced behind me. Startled, I looked wide-eyed into the face of a huge grey wolf not ten feet away. He was in a crouched position and for all the world he looked as if he were about to spring on me. However, our eyes had little more than met when he bounded off, stopped about sixty yards away and began to howl.

This little island had five separate den complexes, indicating that it had been used for many years as a traditional whelping site. This was by no means unusual. The oddest aspect of this site was that it was located on an island with at least forty yards of fast-moving river on each side. It seemed to me that the wolves were going to a lot of unnecessary trouble in swimming this river which separated them from their hunting grounds, especially when good denning terrain appeared to be abundant on the mainland. Then it occurred to me that here in the treed oasis, barren-ground grizzlies were common. Young pups hidden in their shallow sandy dens might prove to be easy meat for any grizzly that happened along, particularly if most of the adults were away hunting. I had often seen where these bears had dug up parts of whole

A whistle from the photographer has just attracted the attention of this large grey tundra wolf.

Wolf pup.

Wolf pup, Mary Frances River, N. W. T.

hillsides in their attempt to unearth ground squirrels. The wolves had chosen a denning site with a moat around it, perhaps for a good reason.

My only other moment of uncertainty with wolves occurred when I blundered out of a heavy dwarf birch thicket smack into the midst of three wolves asleep by their den. I had seen this den in the side of an esker from a distance, but I did not think it was active; there appeared to be very little fresh wolf sign about. My first inkling to the contrary was a hostile-sounding 'woof' as I stepped out of the birch thicket, followed by the materialization of three white wolves facing me just a few feet away. One of them had a particularly aggressive look that conveyed the message that he was not about to give way to me. After what seemed a long time, but was probably only a few seconds, they all trotted into the birch thicket from which I had just emerged, and soon appeared on a bare knob about forty yards away. Two of them stayed there, impatiently pacing back and forth while I was at the den. After about ten minutes one little pup poked its head out of one of the holes but ducked back in when it saw me.

I decided to return in the evening for I found this seemed to be the best time to find the pups above ground. The den was near the bottom of a big bowl in a high spruce-studded esker about twenty miles north of the tree line. From where I stood on the lip of the bowl that evening I could see only one baby-sitter guarding the den about a half mile away and about 200 feet below me. By the time I reached the den the guard had stolen off uphill, but just a few yards in front of me at the edge of the birch thicket was a big ball of fur that gradually produced six curious little heads. Very slowly I advanced, camera in hand. Two pups, one brindle and one black, were more adventurous than the rest and quietly waddled up to sniff the lens of my camera which I was frantically trying to focus. When I reached out to touch the little black fellow they both scampered back to the others; then all six of them disappeared into the birch thicket.

This clump of dwarf birch was a shoulder-high jungle through which the wolves had beaten down a labyrinth of narrow trails. I chased those pups around in that birch clump for about ten minutes, catching sight of one or two every now and again. Finally I found two that had backed into a hole two or three feet deep. I could just reach far enough to get my fingers on their ears which was sufficient to pull them out. Cradling them in my arms I thought these fat, fuzzy puppies with their oversized feet were as friendly and cuddly as any of their domestic brethren. I took them

A family group in the vast moving herd of caribou near Contwoyto Lake.

up to the den, put them down, and walked away.

The pups of the tundra wolf are born during early June in shallow excavations dug into sand or gravel deposits. Especially favoured are the south-facing slopes of eskers where permafrost lies far below the surface and digging is easy. Eskers, with their patterns of white sand, scattered spruce trees, and dazzling blue-water ponds are lush oases that stand high above a tundra landscape that can sometimes be monotonous in the extreme. I like to think the wolves choose eskers for their home because they have an eye for beauty.

The esker country in the southern Barrens may be beautiful but it is seldom a good provider to denning wolves for at least part of June and July when caribou are temporarily out of the area embraced by the southern Thelon and Dubawnt drainages. I have travelled this strip of Barrens extending 100 miles north of the tree line for weeks in early summer without seeing a single mammal other than wolves. Only birds and fish are consistently abundant and neither is a dependable source of food for a large terrestrial predator like the wolf.

Ernie Kuyt, who studied the wolves of the Thelon valley in the early 1960s, found through analysis of fecal hair that the diet of these southern wolves consists mainly of small items such as lemmings, voles, passerine birds, eggs, fish, and insects. Kuyt's data, however, do not preclude the possibility of denning wolves killing and caching some caribou for future use during the northern migration in May. Of perhaps some note in this regard is the fact that I have usually found a few legs of caribou scattered near the dens of these southern wolves in late June and early July. I should add that one never finds great quantities of remains of prey about wolf dens, even after the pups are weaned. The adults generally carry food for their young in their stomachs and regurgitate it for them at the den.

Kuyt found that survival of pups was low for wolves denning in the southern Thelon drainage where caribou were temporarily absent in early summer. Of the four litters that he discovered, the largest consisted of three pups with an average of 2.0 as compared with an average of 4.3 pups from seven litters found further north where caribou were available throughout the summer. If one adds to these data five litters that I found in the Thelon valley where the total number of pups was determined, Kuyt's original findings stand firm. Of interest, however, is the variation among four of these litters that I located during early July well south of the early summer range of caribou. Two found south of Eyeberry Lake contained one and two pups, but the remaining two litters in the Lynx and Whitefish lake areas contained six pups each, twice as large a litter as any that Kuyt located.

Around the middle of August the pups are able to travel to some extent and the pack is finally released from the denning area. Only then is the tundra wolf free once again to follow the caribou. Just a few short years ago the future of the caribou, his staff of life, was in doubt. The great herds that swept the Barrens in their millions at the turn of the century had been slashed to a few hundred thousand by the late 1950s. Today the herds are increasing again and each spring the caribou hordes still inundate these arctic prairies in many thousands, and ever with them goes the great white wolf. ◆

The scene at Eskimo Point where 'Police Jimmy' related his memories of the Sadlermiut to the young Anglican missionary Donald B. Marsh.

The Stone Winter Houses of the Sadlermiut

By Donald B. Marsh

This account of the Sadlermiut houses on Southampton Island was recorded by the late Anglican Bishop of the Arctic around 1938 near the end of the time that he and his wife lived and worked at Eskimo Point on the west coast of Hudson Bay.

The water-colour of the Padlimiut summer camp at Eskimo Point is by Mrs Winifred Petchey Marsh whose water-colours of the Padlimiut Eskimos have been reproduced in "People of the Willow", published by Oxford Press. *(See page 60.)*

One afternoon I was talking to Special Constable Jimmy Gibbons who now lives at Eskimo Point but who had lived at Southampton Island some years earlier. We were speaking of the old stone houses and the things that the old-time Eskimos had made and used on Southampton Island. Jimmy, with a great show of excitement, said that he had been in these houses after the deaths of the last of the Sadlermiut people. In many of them, he said, the bodies of the occupants were still lying where they had dropped in the winter of 1902-03.

As a boy he had lived close to the old winter houses for a year, and he had enjoyed poking around to find what he could inside. At that time there were still four Sadlermiut Eskimos alive, and Jimmy said that when he had questions about the early houses and their contents, he would go to one of them for the answers. The Sadlermiut, whose territory was Southampton Island, had all perished with the exception of a woman and four small children who had been adopted by members of the Aivilingmiut — the tribe to which Jimmy belonged.

The true cause of this catastrophe is unknown but it is presumed the Sadlermiut died of some infectious disease introduced to them by the whalers. This, however, is not the reason given by the Eskimos. According to Jimmie (who laughed long and heartily when he told the story) a native of Baffin Land was visiting Southampton Island. The visitor, short of stature, was unfortunate enough to incur the wrath of a large Southampton Islander; the fight which ensued was short and to the point. The Baffin Lander was seized by his larger opponent and slung bodily out of the house. This so infuriated the little man, who was a conjuror, that he invoked a spell on the whole tribe, with the result that they all perished save the four children and the woman.

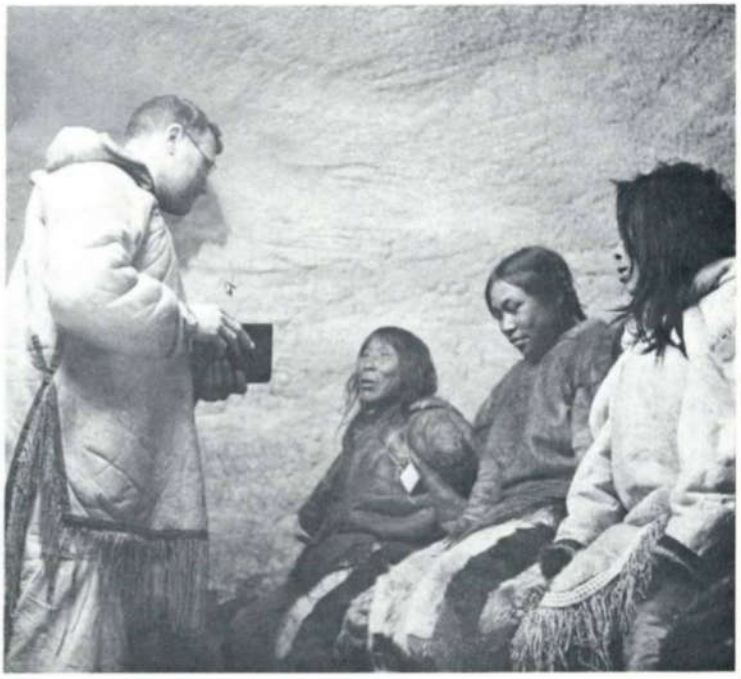
There was no question that the Sadlermiut were strong and tall, for the whalers described them as such. Jimmy told me of one of their feats of strength that involved a huge white stone shaped like a rugby ball. The surface of this stone was worn smooth with much use; it was three and a half feet in length, and so heavy that seven young Aivilingmiut men could hardly move it. This plaything of the Sadlermiut rested at the bottom of a steep rise, on top of four small stones. The rise was a mass of soft sand into which one sank well over the ankles. The trial of strength was to pick up the massive stone, carry it up the hill and bring it back down three times.

Jimmy described the stone winter houses of the Sadlermiut in detail, and I asked him if he would draw me a sketch of one of them. This he did, showing the inner and outer porches as well and it is on his work that the accompanying illustrations are based.

In shape, the house resembled two bisecting circles. The vertical outside walls were made of stones piled one upon the other to a height of about six feet. The walls were massive at the bottom, and Jimmy explained that though he had shown but two sets of stones through the wall, there were in reality many, many more at the bottom, though only two on top.

The benches upon which the family slept were about two feet in height and had been made by placing small stones one upon the other in tiers. These he indicated by several small pillars, though he said the whole area under the sleeping bench was one mass of these piles while the top of the bench was covered with thin flat stones. At those points where the height of the roof supports rested on the bench, the supporting stones underneath were much larger. In figure I, the large dots on the right-hand side show the supports of the roof, some of which rested upon the sleeping benches.

The support marked A, which can be seen in both the diagrams, was the central support for the whole roof. On this, as on all the other pillars, rested the jaw-bones of whales which formed the main rafters of the roof. Crosswise to the jaw-bones and on them were laid



Missionary Donald B. Marsh at Eskimo Point.

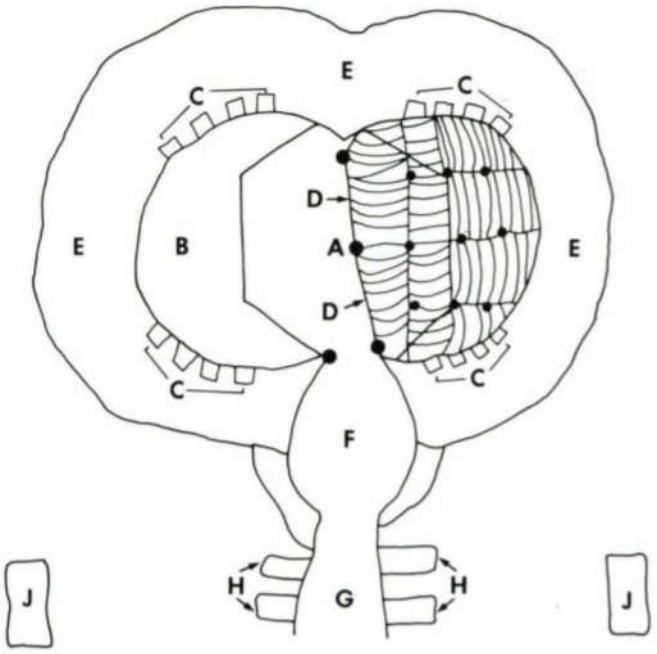
whale ribs. Over this framework were laid flat stones, and the whole structure from the ground up was covered with many layers of moss and soil. Thus while the houses had a measurement of about twelve feet or so on the inside, the outside measurement was closer to twenty-five feet.

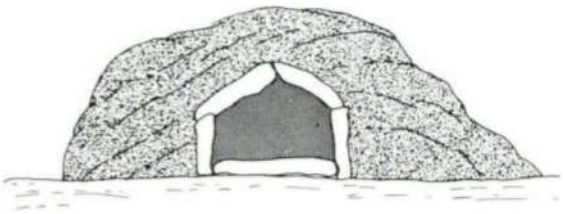
When Jimmy saw the houses he says the floor level was a little below that of the ground level, but this may be accounted for by the blowing of sand and soil by arctic winds. One other interesting point that Jimmy made was that in the pillars, walrus skulls were often used in place of stones. He said that they were stronger than stones — the bone structures of a head would stand almost any pressure, he said. I accepted this since I knew an ordinary bullet from a high-powered rifle would mushroom on the skull of a walrus.

As many as four families lived in one of these winter houses, for there were two wings to each sleeping bench. When Jimmy saw them, each wing still carried the Eskimo wife's cooking lamp and utensils.

In the walls were cupboards made of stone. These storage spaces were about a cubic foot in size and in them were stored many household items. The number of storage cupboards in each house depended upon the builder, or occupant of the area.

The windows were in the roof. There were three or four of them, and they were small — 10 inches square. The main and first consideration that would influence the size of the window openings was wild animals. Bears were plentiful on Southampton Island and a larger aperture would have allowed a bear to get a large part of his anatomy through the casement. The





A meat house, showing the doorway. Drawings by C. Trottier, from diagrams by Special Constable Gibbons, now retired and living at Eskimo Point.

FIGURE I

A Central support for whole roof.
B Sleeping bench. There is another on opposite side.
C Stone cupboards.
D Jaw-bones of whales.
E Moss and earth.
F Inner porch.
G Outer porch.
H Cupboards for deposit of bones.
J Meat houses.

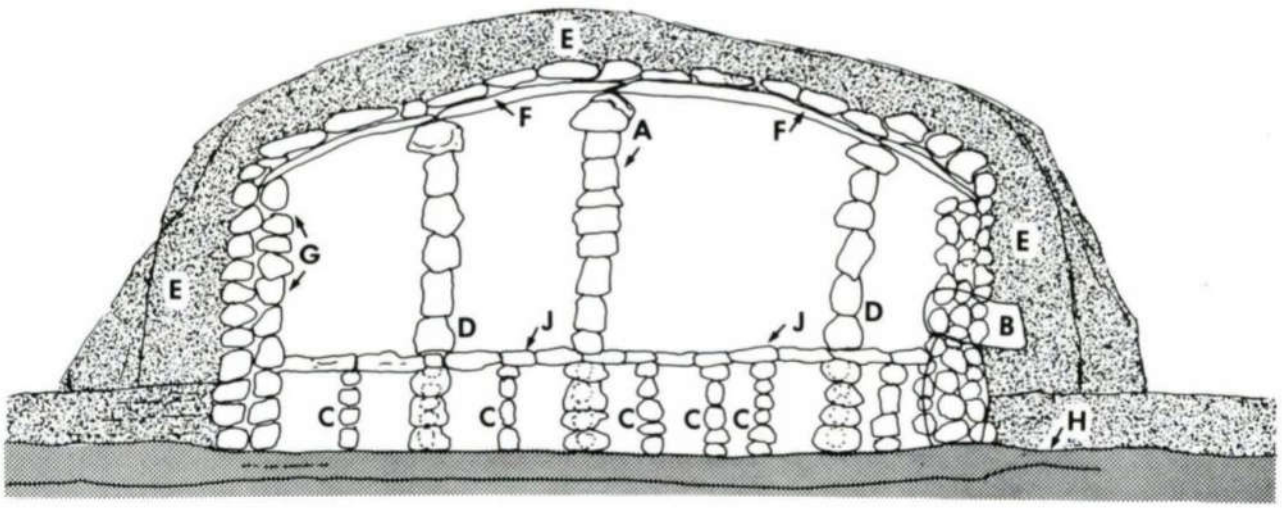


FIGURE II

A Central support for whole roof.
B Lintel of the door. The side stones are indicated.
C Supports for bench.
D Larger supports to hold the weight of the roof.
E Moss and earth.
F Whale-rib rafters.
G Wall.
H Ground level.
J Top of sleeping bench.

Special Constable Jimmy Gibbons, c. 1938.

D. B. MARSH

windows were covered with the intestines of the bearded seal; several pieces were sewn together to cover the 10-inch square opening. The translucent membrane kept out the snow and wind. Since skin windows were liable to crack and split with the frost they would have to be replaced from time to time, and in this regard the small size would have been an advantage.

There was but one doorway, and that about three feet high, and just wide enough for a man to get through. Two large blocks of stone, one on either side, supported the lintel. The door was a wedge-shaped stone with the thicker end at the bottom and it required the strength of two men to close it at nights.

The porch was directly outside the house itself and had walls of stone; it needed no roof supports as the distance across the top was short enough for the whale ribs to span. These were tiled with flat stones and covered with moss and earth, as was the house.

The outer porch had no roof at all, and flanking it on each side were cupboards. These stone caches were the receptacles for the bones of caribou, seal, walrus, or bearded seal. Under no circumstances were the bones of one animal placed in the cupboard with the bones of another animal. This was no doubt due to the existence of taboos. (Prior to my arrival in 1926, for example, all bones from sea mammals were thrown back into the sea so that Sedna the Goddess of the Sea would not be offended.) Each of these four compartments opened into the porch and each was approximately three feet six inches wide, four feet six inches long, and eighteen inches in depth.

What greatly appealed to Jimmy, as indeed they did to me when he described them, were the meat houses. These were set one on either side of the front porch, and were pits about seven feet long. Great flat stones had been erected for the sides, and much taller stones were placed at each end. These supported the jawbones of a whale. This massive bone formed the ridgepole, and from the side walls flat stones were placed against it, making a V-shaped roof. The whole structure was then covered with a layer of moss and peat, and sand was piled over the hole. The doors were heavy stones.

From the ridgepole hung many ribs which acted as meat hooks, while the interior was just deep enough for a man to move about provided he was bent almost double.

Jimmy then went on to describe some of the articles which he found in these houses; and in many of them he said the bodies of the owners were still lying where they had dropped in death years before. He found old mitts, dried up and so small that they would hardly fit a child; the stitches in them were evenly spaced at a distance of about a quarter of an inch apart. He also found two bone needles with which clothing, such as the mitts, had been sewn. The women's knives made of one piece of stone, bone implements used to sharpen stone arrowheads, arrows with the heads still attached, and old stone pots as thin as a piece of cloth and pegged together with fire-resistant whale teeth — all these and many other objects lay as their owners had left them years before.

Jimmy was filled with admiration for the people who had made all these things without the aid of metal or white man's tools, and for the many ingenious ideas they had had. They used, for instance, the shoulder bone of a whale as a base upon which to rest the dripping stone blubber lamp. Above the lamp they erected a rack of ribs on which a block of snow was laid. The gentle heat melted the snow, and the water dripped down into a skin container suspended underneath.

Jimmy's adopted mother was with him when he described the winter houses and their contents. She agreed with him that the Sadlermiut were exceptionally clever, though in their use of fire they may have been behind the Eskimos whom I knew in the 1920s and 1930s. Jimmy said that even after all the years the winter houses had been there, they still had a thick coating of soot over the roof and walls — soot which had formed from the smoking blubber lamps. As Jimmy and his mother said, a blubber lamp should burn without the slightest trace of smoke if it is properly tended.

Despite this fact, my admiration for the Sadlermiut people was vastly increased after my talks with Jimmy. They may have been stone-age men, but they were specialists in their own line — the formidable task of wresting a living from the Arctic regions. ◆

McCORD MUSEUM, MONTREAL

'Charles Lumkin's Half-Way House.' An oil painting of the scene outside a country inn, 1885, showing members of a Montreal snowshoe club arriving on their weekly tramp.

Rosemary Lunardini, an Ottawa writer, bases her article on the papers of the Montreal Athletic Association in the Public Archives of Canada, and on the 'History of the Montreal Snowshoe Club' by Becket.

'Tuque Bleue'

By Rosemary Lunardini

IN 1861 at 'Moore's' outside of Montreal, George Parys, secretary, songwriter, and wit of the Montreal Snowshoe Club toasted his friends:

'. . . a man with a belly as round as a tub,
He doesn't belong to the Snowshoe Club.'

The snowshoers had crossed Mount Royal on a twenty-mile tramp before sitting down to a table bedecked with flags and evergreens for the occasion of the president's dinner. The occasion is described in the *History of the Montreal Snowshoe Club*, a remarkable record of races, dinners and tramps, published in 1882 by the printer Hugh W. Becket, a life member of the club. The author's purpose in publishing one of the earliest records in Canadian sports history, was to relate the history of the old 'Tuque Bleue' (so named in 1869 for the blue tassel of the tuque). The small volume tells much about the social life of Montrealers 100 years ago.

Beginning in 1840 it was the custom for a dozen gentlemen of Montreal to meet once a week for snowshoeing in the countryside. In 1843 they founded the Montreal Snowshoe Club, the first of its kind. The tramp was their basic weekly event combining exercise in the fresh winter air with good fellowship and refreshment. In the 1840s tramps were made to outlying villages or a farm where the men stopped for cheese, biscuits, and ale. 'Moore's' place became a favourite out-of-town clubhouse over the years.

On 22 December 1858, Becket relates, 'We went across the mountain and stopped at Moore's, drank our beer and sang songs in the old style, and then returned home by the same route.'

However on 29 December 'they arrived at Moore's to find the club room was filled by a strange party enjoying the giddy mazes of the dance and they retired disgustedly to Compain's, a hotel near by, and so enjoyed themselves that they resolved to 'cut' Moore's in the future.' They were soon over their pique: on 15 January they were back at Moore's for the president's dinner with fifty present 'who must have created sad havoc among Moore's poultry with appetites sharpened by a twelve mile tramp.'

Having crossed Mount Royal on a normal, weekly tramp, the members would often return by the Côte des Neiges Road on the western side of the mountain. A race would be called on the return to town with the winner being treated to dinner at 'Dolly's' on St James Street. This cafe was their favourite in-town spot until it was removed in 1867, 'sweeping away one of the links in the history of the club.' Isaacson's Hotel, 67 St Gabriel Street, became its successor and was a meeting place after the tramps and the site of lavish annual dinners.

In its first year the club sponsored public races on snowshoes which became an annual event. Becket writes that 'these were the first races on snowshoes won in Canada under our auspices. We have no record of any other and may take the credit to ourselves of instituting the national sport of snowshoeing.'

The significant word here is 'record'; though snowshoe races were nothing new, the attempt to keep a record of events, winners, and their running times was an innovation which made snowshoeing into an organized sport.

An air of excitement surrounded the opening event of the annual races—the Indian Race of four miles. The club encouraged the appearance of the Indians with a monetary prize, usually $30, a fairly substantial sum for the time. The Indians were both the white man's challenge and his ruin; in the long races members were no match for Indian endurance and there is no record of the Indians being beaten. The four-mile race became known simply as the Indian Race.

In 1856 a large crowd collected upon the Priests' Farm on Sherbrooke Street 'drawn by curiosity to see the novel sport of snowshoe racing—to witness the trial of skill between the originators of the encumbrance and the white man.'

'The winner, Ignace, had a training few of the whites were ever likely to get. He was one of those selected by Sir George Simpson, on account of his great muscular power and strength of endurance, to accompany the last expedition in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin and his crew. Consequently he was so well accustomed to walk and run on snowshoes that the four-mile run was in this instance but mere pastime.'

On that day Ignace ran the first mile in 6½ minutes, the second and third miles in 7½ minutes and the fourth mile in 8 minutes for a total of 29½ minutes. But the greatest runner of all was Keroniare who, in 1868, won the four-mile race in 27 minutes, 33½ seconds, the fastest time in club records.

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Indian competitors, accustomed to covering long distances on snowshoes, were consistent winners in the four-mile race. 'Indians on the trail', an ink-wash drawing by J. F. Woolford.

Keroniare, as many of the other Indians, was an Iroquois from the village of Caughnawaga on the south shore of the St Lawrence River, ten miles west of Montreal. Founded in the seventeenth century by the Jesuits as a village for Christian Iroquois, the population numbered 1,300 persons in the 1860s. Though most of them were employed guiding rafts of timber down the Ottawa River, in the 1850s hundreds of the men worked on the building of the Victoria Bridge.

Their names come to life in Becket's book not only for their athletic prowess but for their ability to deal with the white man. One such Indian was Daillebout, who in a half-mile race with a man named MacDonnell, responded to a brush from the white man by stepping on his snowshoe. MacDonnell, as they would say, 'went to snow'. His protest to the judges was overruled. Becket, however, had the last word when he wrote that 'the wily red-skin took the medal home to ornament his wigwam'. To be beaten by physical strength was one thing but to be outsmarted was quite another.

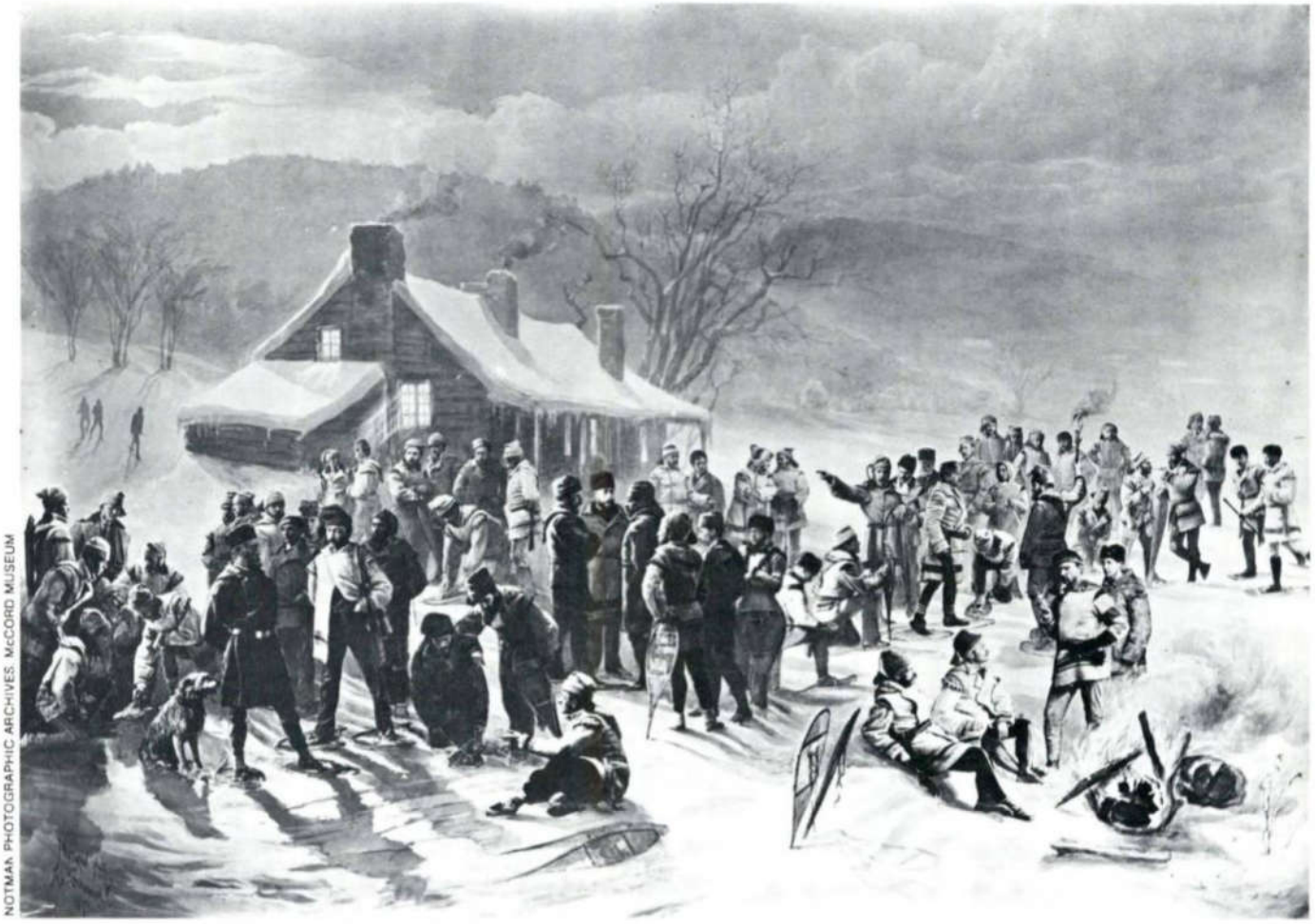
Large crowds began turning out for the annual races on a Saturday afternoon. In the early years they were held at the St Pierre Race Course, the Montreal Cricket Field on St Catherine Street or occasionally at the Priests' Farm. In 1869 the snowshoers began to use the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds. Gentlemen paid 25 cents admission, ladies were free, and sleighs were 50 cents. These charges paid for the prizes — cups, medals, belts and purses of a few dollars. After the Indian Race there were one-mile events, half-mile races, sweepstakes of one mile with six hurdles, and for the boys under 15, a 250-yard dash, usually with snowshoes or pocket knives as prizes.

Besides a love of snowshoeing as a sport, the need for social compatability was evident. Among the early members of the club were the Senator and senior editor of the *Montreal Herald*, E. G. Penny; Judge C. J. Coursol, later a member of Parliament for Montreal East; Arthur Lamothe; Edward Ermatinger; Colonel E. A. Whitehead, and perhaps the most ardent member of all, Nicholas Hughes. Known as 'Evergreen' in the forties and as 'Old Evergreen' in the eighties, he would recount for the young upstarts the superlative deeds of the old-timers, such as the Indian Race in 1843 when he finished second, behind an Indian, of course, but ahead of three other Indians — an achievement in itself. He was held in such esteem that for years after his death the snowshoers stopped each winter by his grave on Mount Royal.

The President's dinner was a grand occasion with members in full costume. A repertoire of songs in French and English was sung as toasts to the winners: 'Rule, Britannia', 'Partant pour la Syrie', 'A St. Malo, beau port de mer', 'I'm sitting on the stile, Mary', and 'Vive la Canadienne'. There were toasts to the Queen, the Emperor of France, the Governor General — jokes, speeches, and laughter that 'rang through the tree tops of old Mount Royal'.

The meals were enough to give a belly even to snowshoers. The bill of fare for the annual dinner in 1867 was printed in the *Montreal Herald:* Mock turtle soup, codfish and oyster sauce, roast beef, turkey, veal pie, boiled turkey, ham, mutton and caper sauce, oyster patties, minced collop, and Irish stew. The second course was prairie hens, plum pudding, apple pies, and blanc mange. Dessert included apples, oranges, figs, biscuits, prunes, almonds, and raisins.

In January 1873, a memorable event was the torchlight procession in honour of the Governor General, the Earl of Dufferin. By now there were several other snowshoe clubs in Montreal — the Alexandra, Canada, Maple Leaf and Victoria — all of which gathered at the McGill College gates with thousands of people lining the streets. The Governor General arrived in his sleigh and witnessed the entire



NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES, McCORD MUSEUM

In this composite photograph of the Montreal Snowshoe Club done in 1872 by William Notman, Nicholas Hughes, known as 'Evergreen', stands in the foreground, left, with a dog at his side.

procession making its way over the mountain, 'winding like a serpent of fire through the trees'.

At the party which followed at 'Thornbury' on Côte St Catherine, the home of the City Councillor Alex McGibbon, the Governor General said he had been particularly struck by the picturesque sight of the torchlight procession and that, in studying the characteristics of Canada, he had been impressed by the devotion of the people to sports and exercises. He said no people could boast of a greater variety of sports than Canadians, including snowshoeing, tobogganing, skating and lacrosse. He noted that ladies could engage in several sports on equal terms with men, even occasionally surpassing them. Though snowshoeing was admirable, he was admittedly most fond of the sport in which ladies danced on the ice.

Today one might ask how people over a hundred years ago could take the time for the elaborate festivities, parades, dinners and bi-weekly outings that surrounded such a simple sport as snowshoeing. The answer may well be in the era itself, of which Stephen Leacock writes in *Leacock's Montreal:*

'Peculiar features of the life of the city at this stage of its growth were the recurrent "civic jubilifications" held to mark each happy milestone of progress — everybody was willing to be glad over everything, or at least stop work, to drink its health, and follow in a torchlight procession.'

Before long the snowshoe clubs were beginning to worry about their image. A slight reference in a newspaper article to snowshoers' imbibing of strong drink brought this response in a letter to the editor:

'Liquor is strictly forbidden at the table of our weekly tramps, a change from the regime of several years ago.'

'Tuque Bleue'

It was about this time that the Montreal Snowshoe Club began its many years of fund-raising concerts for the Montreal General Hospital. These were gala evenings that had been months in preparation with elaborate stage settings and a program that included popular and patriotic songs by the snowshoers. Club records say that these concerts 'gave the public an

opportunity to see that we are not a mere combination of muscular Christians whose love of vigorous exercise absorbs our entire leisure.'

By the end of the nineteenth century, snowshoe clubs had handsome, well-furnished clubhouses in a country area ideal for snowshoeing. However the exertion of the old-time tramp was bringing about its decline in popularity. *The Dominion Illustrated News* of 14 February 1891 in its *Sports and Pastimes* column said:

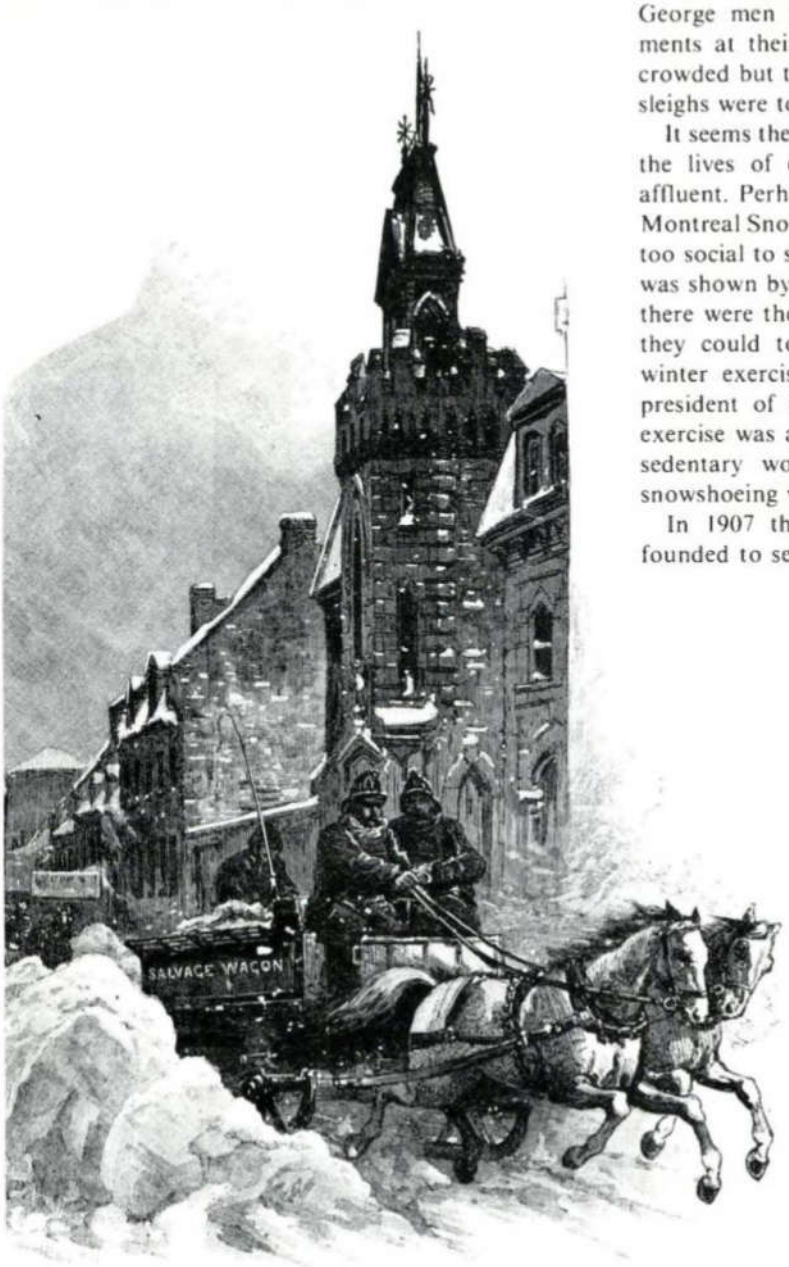
'There used to be times when hundreds would be at the finishing point of a cross-country run to welcome or condole with their favourite. Everybody knows that real, genuine snowshoeing has been on the decline — not the kind done in sleighs with a couple of buffalo skins to nestle in and hot foot warmers. These social gatherings are nice in their way, but not like the old-time tramp.'

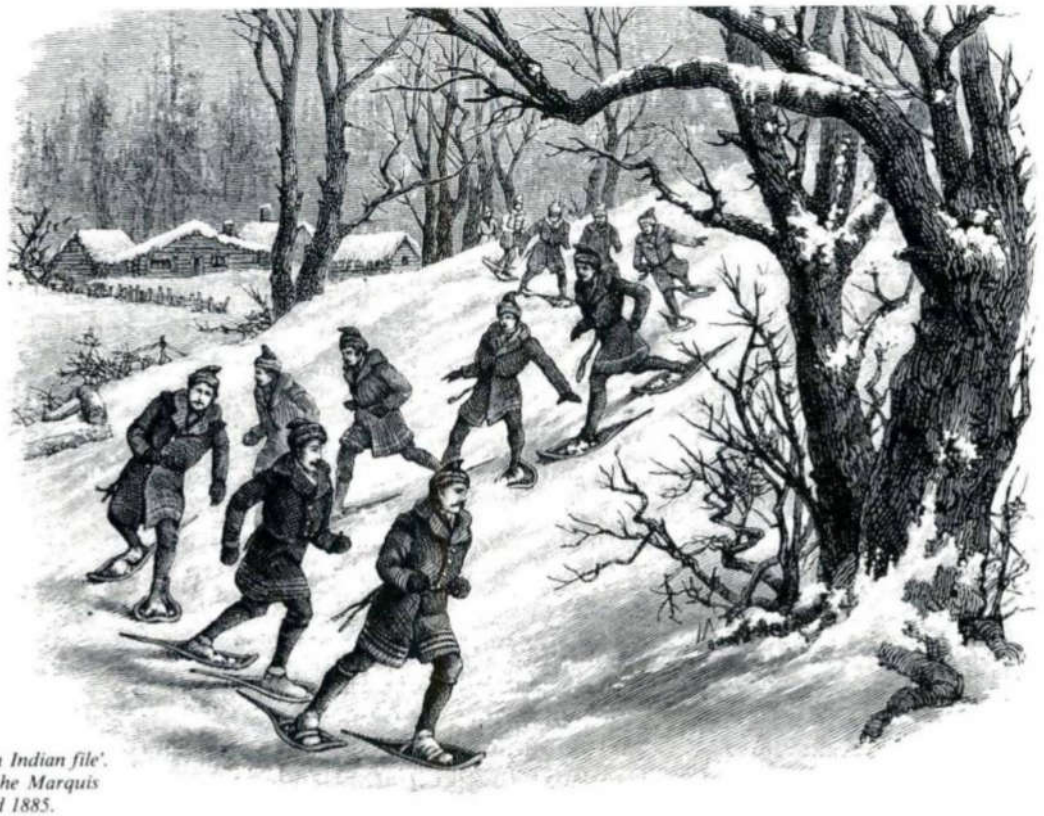
In another edition, the *News* complained: 'The St George men have been having splendid entertainments at their club house, which has always been crowded but they seem adverse to walking out when sleighs were to be obtained'.

It seems the sedentary life was becoming a factor in the lives of early Canadians, especially the more affluent. Perhaps the clubs had grown too large (the Montreal Snowshoe Club had over 400 members) and too social to support the kind of intense interest that was shown by the twelve founders in 1843. However there were those who cared and who did everything they could to promote snowshoeing as a healthy winter exercise. One of these men, C. P. Sclater, president of the St George Club, maintained that exercise was a duty, especially for those engaged in sedentary work and that of all winter exercise, snowshoeing was the best.

In 1907 the Canadian Snowshoers' Union was founded to set rules for racing and to keep records.

After 1867 members of the snowshoe club met at Isaacson's in St Gabriel Street in Montreal. This scene of the street was published in 1882.





'Snow-shoe Club in Indian file'. From a sketch by the Marquis of Lorne, published 1885.

Today, international races are co-sponsored each year with member clubs of the American Snowshoers' Union. The Canadian organization has 5,000 members in Montreal, Sherbrooke, Ottawa, Hull, Abitibi, and Lac St Jean regions. Each club organizes its own week-end excursions, followed by a good meal and dancing. The racing events are much the same as they were in the 1800s except that young women are now participating. Entire families are invited to join in club outings, so in this aspect snowshoe clubs have come a long way from the days when they were a male bastion and the ladies were welcome to watch, gracing the events with their lovely presence.

However, some women did race as long as 125 years ago, though not under the kindest of circumstances. In the Squaw Race, Indian women were encouraged to race for a prize though they were often painfully shy before the gaze of spectators.

Becket recalled one occasion in 1868: 'It was some years since a squaw race took place in the city and the event caused quite a flutter of excitement among the spectators. The two dusky opponents were evidently abashed at having to run the gauntlet of so many curious spectators and only after considerable coaxing could they be induced to uncover their faces and make a start. At the word "Go" the gentle creatures broke into a leisurely walk . . . finally the goal was reached by the smaller of the two and as she 'shot' by the tape some 20 feet ahead of her rival, she was received with shouts of applause. After gravely wrapping themselves in their flowing blankets, receiving the congratulations of their friends, they lapsed once more into the real earnest squaw of the period.'

The costume of snowshoers is much the same as it has always been: blanket coat with hood, sash and tuque in the colours of the club and mukluks or moccasins. For the racing anything less cumbersome can be worn, frequently a jogging suit. The racing snowshoes are a special model, shorter and narrower than others and they cannot weigh less than one and one-half pounds each — just the weight of the shoes worn by the Indians in the 1840s.

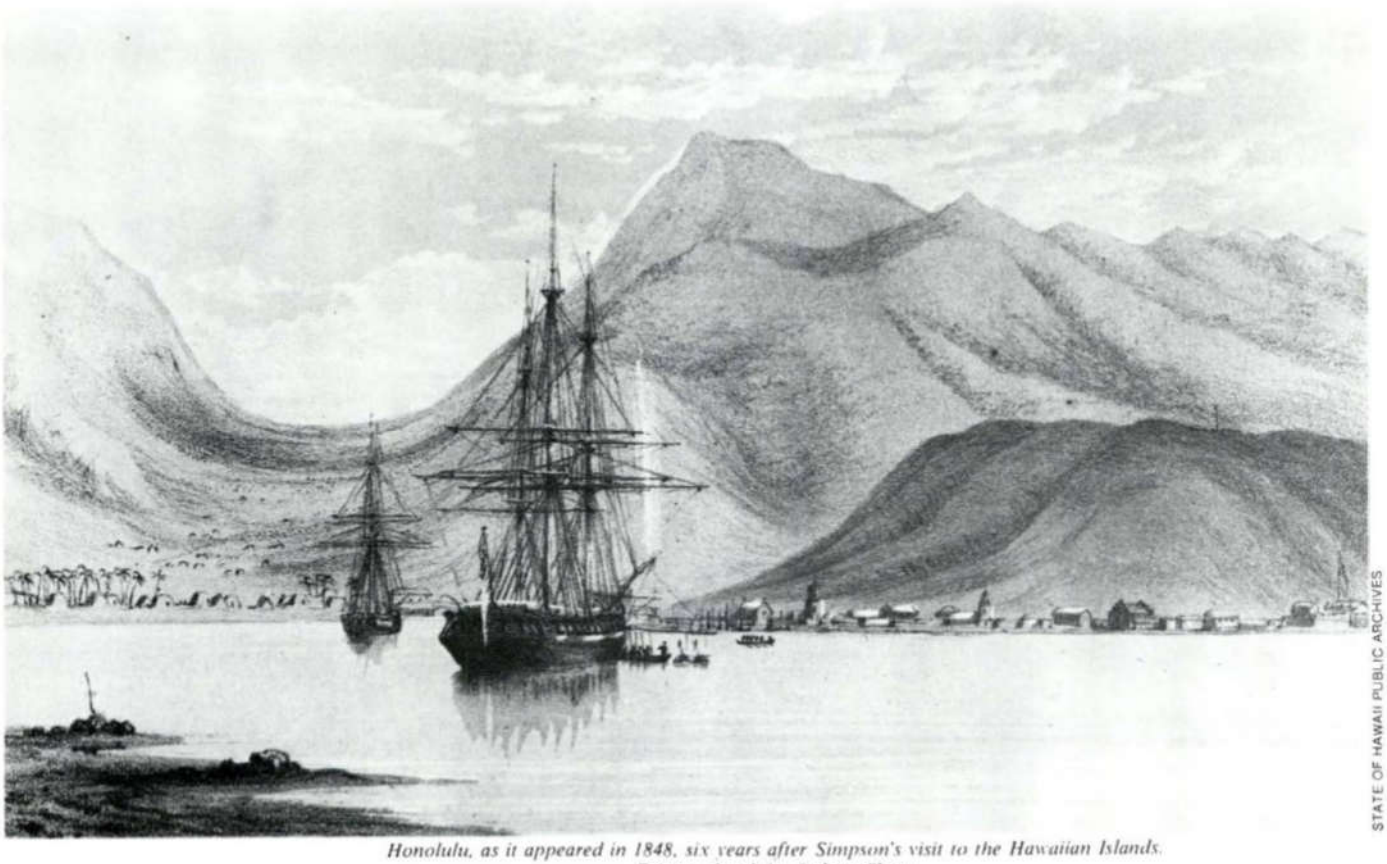
Snowshoers today are aware of the part they play in preserving the historical importance of snowshoes in Canadian life. Never having the glamour of skiing or the popular appeal of curling, snowshoeing has history on its side, a history not only in the exploration and settlement of Canada but in its early sports life. So on those frosty nights with the old moon shining clear, the old-time Canadian snowshoe club is still here, to echo the song of the Montrealers:

'We ask no better kind of fun than on
the swift snowshoe
With fellows who never shirk a tramp,
who wear the bright 'Tuque Bleue.' ◆

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

BY JAMES McCOOK

Mr McCook, retired associate editor of the 'Ottawa Journal' has had a long-time interest in H B C and Western Canadian history.



STATE OF HAWAII PUBLIC ARCHIVES

Honolulu, as it appeared in 1848, six years after Simpson's visit to the Hawaiian Islands. From a sketch by Robert Elwes.

IN FEBRUARY 1842, the Hawaiian, or Sandwich, Islands welcomed Sir George Simpson, an energetic visitor from Canada on his round-the-world trip. Simpson forthwith involved himself in a campaign to preserve the islands' independence.

Simpson was then about 55 years old and the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in North America. He was willing to play the part of statesman and diplomat if it served the purposes of the Company. Such an opportunity presented itself during his six-week visit to Hawaii.

Simpson quickly became the friend and confidant of the American Protestant missionaries, active or retired, who were close to the Hawaiian court of King Kamehameha III. This was a strange turn of events. Simpson had just visited the Columbia River country and there he regarded American missionaries with the deepest distrust. He considered them the vanguard of American settlers, determined to claim the Oregon country and displace British interests — as indeed they did in a few years.

But in Hawaii he concluded it was wise to have close relations with the American Protestant missionaries to offset the political threat of French Roman Catholic priests who were gaining influence. He accused France of 'harsh and overbearing treatment' of Hawaii by

naval officers; in 1839 Captain C.P.T. Laplace had threatened to bombard Honolulu unless his demands for the protection of Roman Catholics were met. From such disputes might come an excuse for annexation by the French, Simpson feared.

Simpson believed that the Americans would not extend their territorial possessions beyond the North American continent; if this had not been their policy, he was convinced, they would have annexed the Hawaiian Islands long before. In this context the Americans did not seem as threatening as the French.

In Hawaii, leaders were anxious to maintain independence, and lived in fear that the islands would be taken over by either the French, British or Americans. In London and Paris it was felt United States missionaries had too much influence; it was said of them with a sneer that they had gone to Hawaii to do good and had done well by themselves.

The Hudson's Bay Company was respected as the most important British business on the islands. Since the 1820s Company ships had carried on trade and by 1833 there was enough business to warrant appointment of an H B C agent, George Pelly, who assumed the tasks which had been performed for the Company by Richard Charlton, the British consul in Hawaii. Charlton was a controversial character who thought Britain should take over the islands

In Hawaii the H B C sold lumber and salted salmon from the Columbia River area and a variety of goods from Britain when the Company ships landed en route to the North American coast. The salmon became an island delight; it was served iced, with tomatoes and green onions, was known as lomi lomi, and was much prized.

On their departure from the islands, the ships carried sugar, molasses, salt and coffee — local produce obtained with difficulty through the labour of easy-going native people who found agricultural tasks monotonous. Hawaiians, or Kanakas, recruited for Company service in North America, were strong and loyal workers who gave devoted service to the fur trade, on the Pacific Coast in particular. Beside Fort Victoria, founded in 1843, there grew up a street known as Kanaka Row where Hawaiians and their families lived in pioneer times. It is now known as Humboldt Street in the heart of present-day Victoria, beside the Empress Hotel.

In Hawaii the Company developed its business by following a policy of one price for all whether large or small quantities were being bought. It granted liberal credit and loaned money at fair rates. In 1842 Simpson gave the King a letter of credit on the Company for an amount not exceeding £10,000 for which government securities were taken and 12 per cent interest, called 'the usual' rate, was charged.

The Company left Hawaii in 1859; its holdings, chiefly in Honolulu, were sold at reduced prices. The

An advertisement from the 'Sandwich Island Gazette', 5 August 1837.

aug5

LUMBER.

JUST RECEIVED. Per. H. H. B. C. Brig Lama, from Columbia River, a cargo of assorted lumber, consisting of

30,000 ft. 1 Inch boards—assd, lengths.
70 Beams 18 ft. l. 12 in. w. 4 in. t.
500 Rafters 12 a 18 ft l. 3 dy 4 in.

The above for sale, at wholesale and retail, in quantities to suit purchasers. Please apply to

GEORGE PELLY,
Agt. H. H. B. C.

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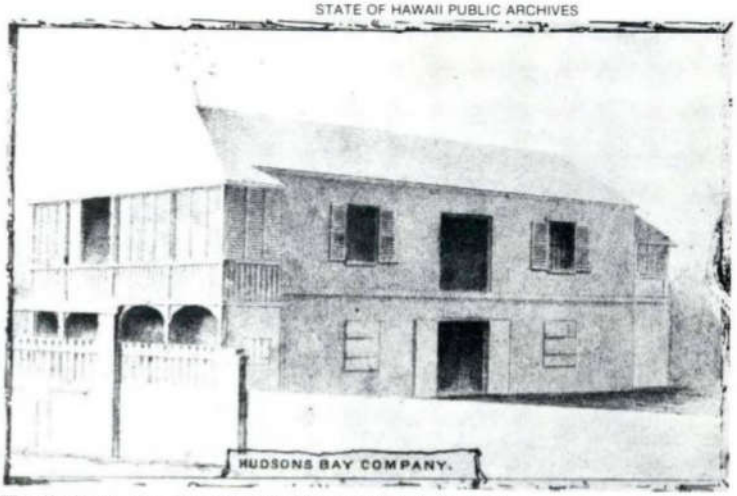
FRESH BUTTER &

STATE OF HAWAII PUBLIC ARCHIVES



The Hudson's Bay Company's building at Honolulu, 1854.

Polynesian, published in Honolulu, said that the H B C stood in the forefront of all that 'constitutes the credit and glory of a merchant'. The newspaper understood the Company was withdrawing from Honolulu because 'the discovery of gold mines on Fraser River and consequent settlement gave new employment for the capital of the Company near home.'

Seventeen years earlier Simpson had thought that a modest but profitable trade could be continued in Hawaii. He was sure the islands would grow in

Kamehameha III, King of the Hawaiian Islands.

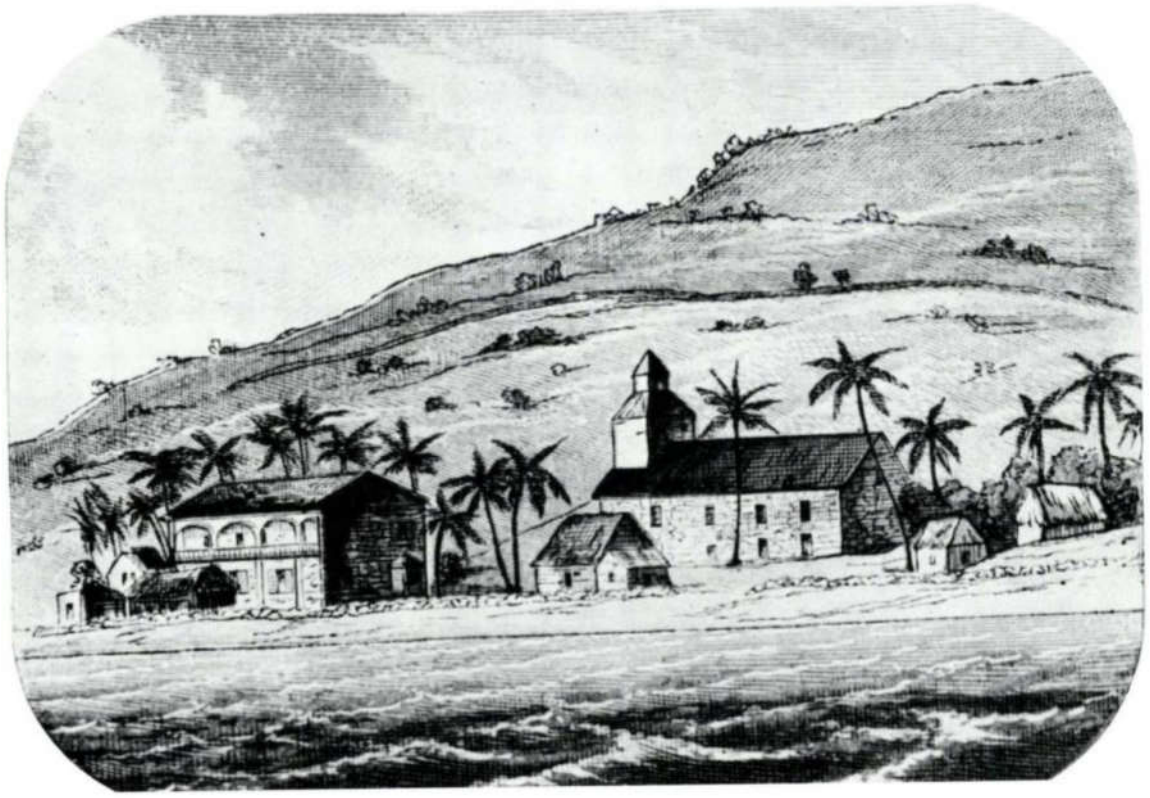
importance as stopping places on voyages across the ocean and he praised the climate.

Simpson was not sentimental. He gave valuable assistance to preserving Hawaiian independence, but in private correspondence with Company officers in London he said that if a private purchase of the islands were concluded a profitable resale to Russia no doubt could be arranged.

But of such cool calculation there was no hint when Simpson in Hawaii in 1842 displayed his usual ability to charm and work with people he despised. In a letter to Governor Sir John Henry Pelly and the H B C Committee in London, dated 1 March 1842, Simpson wrote that the Hawaiians were too much under the influence 'of the Calvinist Missionary Society in the United States'. He added that the missionaries had sufficient influence to have one of their number, 'a narrow-minded, illiterate American named Richards, installed as Prime Minister, or Principal Councillor of the King.'

Simpson was to change his opinion of Richards as they worked together for Hawaiian independence. In a later letter to London he described the retired missionary as 'a grave sanctified looking person of fair abilities and although an American I believe means well.'

The church and the King's residence at Kailua, Hawaii, where the first missionaries were allowed to establish a mission in April 1820.



HAWAIIAN MISSION CHILDREN'S SOCIETY, HONOLULU

The Reverend William Richards, from a portrait taken in New York, 1843.

STATE OF HAWAII PUBLIC ARCHIVES

Haalilio, private secretary to the King, and Commissioner to Washington, London and Paris. He did not survive his travels.

The Reverend William Richards (1793-1847), a Congregational missionary, was no illiterate and his service to Hawaii was noteworthy. He was born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, and graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1822. He became a great admirer of Simpson.

He and other American missionaries impressed the Hawaiians by their zeal. At his mission station he was a devoted worker who incurred the wrath of sailors by initiating regulations passed by local authorities which forbade the visitors going ashore for wine, women, and song as had been their custom. The sea-dogs at one point fired a cannon at his house to show their displeasure. Mrs Richards, a loyal supporter of her husband, led a campaign against smoking and 2,500 men were said to have taken their pipes to the mission to be burned.

Simpson accused the missionaries of 'overzeal' and said they had suggested 'some very strange and unusual laws' which foreigners found irksome. Presumably the 'unusual laws' included those which restrained the sailors seeking pleasure ashore after months at sea.

In 1838 Richards entered the service of King Kamehameha as 'chaplain, teacher and translator'. More than these duties was expected of Richards. He noted: 'They also expect from me free suggestions on every subject connected with government.' On the day he entered the King's service his connection with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions ended. With his suggestions for education for all children, his strict morality, and his views on good government, Richards was a respected figure at the Court when he made Simpson's acquaintance.

The latter fished happily in muddy waters. He found Richards had critics. One of them was a native chief, Tuanoa, who was governor of the island of Oahu. He and Simpson discussed the subject of 'getting Richards removed from his present position of Prime Minister and of having some more enlightened man to fill that important office.' Simpson thought the chief would favour the appointment of a man recommended by the British. Nothing came of this discussion.

As the King and his advisors conferred with Simpson on the risks of annexation they must have been gratified to find that he thought as they did; that they should seek guarantees of independence through treaties.

Simpson knew, because of his Company's close association with government officials in London, that Britain for the time being sought no additional territories in the Pacific. It had assumed sovereignty over New Zealand in 1840 and wanted no added responsibilities for the Royal Navy in distant waters.

When it was agreed at the Hawaiian consultations that commissioners should be sent to Washington,

Hudson's Bay House, Nos 3 and 4 Fenchurch Street in London, where Richards and Haalilio prepared their submission to the Foreign Secretary.

London, and Paris to seek treaty guarantees, it was natural that the trusted Mr Richards should be the King's first choice. The second appointee was Chief Haalilio, a young Hawaiian of great promise who was the King's private secretary and a member of the Treasury Board. Haalilio had some experience in dealing with foreign businessmen. He had signed the lease which gave the H B C a store site in Honolulu.

The third commissioner was none other than Sir George himself. He asked that the King also accredit, as his representatives, Governor Pelly and Deputy Governor Andrew Colvile of the H B C who would be useful allies in London.

Simpson had to hurry on to Alaska and Siberia on his way around the world and his last letter from Hawaii was dated 24 March 1842. He had assured Richards and Haalilio that he would meet them in London in the following February. At some point it was agreed that the American-born Richards could handle negotiations in Washington without Simpson.

The other two commissioners sailed for the United States on 18 July. Haalilio, perhaps with a premonition of disaster, wailed a loud farewell to Hawaii and Richards confessed to his journal, now in the Hawaii State Archives in Honolulu, that he felt like wailing too; although he did not know it at the time he was to be away from his wife and children for two and a half years.

Travel was slow. It was 5 December before Richards and Haalilio reached Washington. Governments also moved slowly. State Secretary Daniel Webster told them at an interview on 7 December that he would provide a statement on independence if they would write him first explaining their desires. They delivered such a letter to Webster's office on 15 December and saw him again on 23 December when, according to Richards, 'he evidently had not read our letter.'

On 27 December they met President John Tyler who asked 'close questions' and, having ascertained that Richards' birthplace was Massachusetts, commented that 'Yankees are shrewd negotiators', according to notes kept by Richards. On 30 December the commissioners received from Webster a letter setting forth the United States view that no power should take possession of Hawaii or exercise undue control over it. The disappointed commissioners were informed that President Tyler saw no need for a treaty.

Richards and Haalilio reached London on 18 February 1843, preceded by Simpson who had been in consultation with the government on Oregon, Russia,

and other matters of 'national interest'. He had also reminded H B C officers of the desirability of supporting Hawaiian independence.

Richard's journal reveals his pleasure in a reunion with Simpson on 20 February 1843 and no doubt he hastened to inform him of the unsatisfactory negotiations in Washington, where Simpson, with his suspicion of American policies, would have been of little value. In London he was a tower of strength.

The chubby Simpson, long-faced Richards, and dark Haalilio must have seemed a strange combination even to blasé Londoners as they went about their appointments.

Making use of Hudson's Bay Company staff and rooms, the commissioners learned of new problems as they prepared their submission to the Earl of Aberdeen, Foreign Secretary. One complication was the presence in London of Charlton, the consul in Hawaii, with his exaggerated arguments that the islands should be annexed in order to protect British interests.

The first meeting with Aberdeen, even when they were assisted by Governor Pelly, was discouraging for the commissioners. The minister had been informed about the letter given them by U.S. State Secretary Webster. He said it did not acknowledge Hawaiian independence but virtually denied it by refusing to enter into a treaty. Moreover, the American government appeared to influence the Hawaiian government against British interests.

Aberdeen indicated that if Washington would not give Hawaii a guarantee, London would not either. But Sir George Simpson and his London colleagues were not dismayed. They set about correcting misconceptions about Hawaii in meetings with Foreign Office and other officials. Richards and Haalilio wrote letters as well, explaining their mission.

Then, on 8 March, the three commissioners went off to Paris, pausing in Brussels to hear sympathetic words from Belgium's King Leopold. On 17 March they saw Foreign Minister Francis Guizot in Paris and he was most affable. Richards wrote afterwards that on the day the commissioners arrived word had been received in Paris that France had established a protectorate over Tahiti and 'this had a very great tendency to forward our object'.

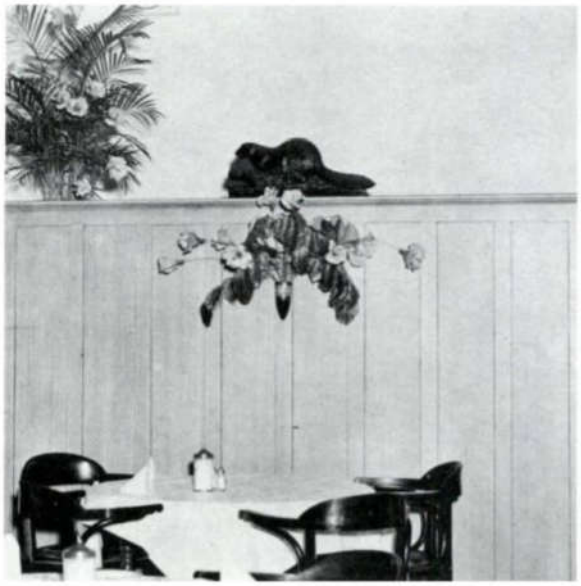
Assured that France would give the desired recognition of independence, the commissioners were back in London and in consultation with Lord Aberdeen on 25 March. The situation there had changed for the better. The Foreign Secretary questioned them about their visit to Paris and asked for more information about the influence of United States missionaries in Hawaii; Sir George answered most of the questions. Lord Aberdeen then said that the independence of Hawaii would be recognized by Britain, a verbal assurance which was followed by a formal letter on 1 April 1843: 'Her Majesty's government are willing, and have determined, to recognize the independence of the Sandwich Islands under their present Sovereign.'

Sir George Simpson, from a portrait by Stephen Pearce.

The mission had accomplished a great deal, although it could not flourish treaties signed by the three powers. Later in 1843 France and Britain were to sign an agreement declaring they would not take possession of Hawaii, but the United States would not join them, declaring it wished to keep its foreign policy independent of foreign powers. Still, the United States had provided the letter saying that Hawaiian independence should not be disturbed. Richards and Haalilio continued to hope they could obtain firm treaties and more detailed guarantees.

Richard's journal shows how this austere missionary enjoyed the company of Simpson as host and guide — the man who opened doors to a social life Richards had never known.

On 23 February 1843, just after his arrival in London, Richards went for a walk with Simpson who advised him on the purchase of 'shirts, collars, etc. in fashion here'. Suitably attired, Richards on the next day visited missionary societies in London, including the Wesleyan society. On a Sunday, left to his own devices, he wrote in his journal 'Long much for home.'



The carved wooden beaver mounted in the Merchant's Grill. It is now in the Campbell Estate office building, Honolulu.

Homesick he might be at times, but Richards blossomed in a round of social engagements. On 2 March he had dinner with Governor Pelly. Sir George and Lady Simpson were among the guests at 'a splendid party'. Richards wrote that he would have been happier if his wife had been with him, but he shunned none of the entertainments arranged for him and on 7 March told his diary:

'I am in a higher state of excitement than I ever was before in my life — do not on an average sleep more than 3 or 4 hours — not sleepy — thinking of business — of wife — children, chiefs — home, etc.'

On 29 March, Richards and Simpson gave an outline of Sandwich Islands' affairs before 'a splendid company'. Richards happily recorded that 'Sir George said he had the happiness to agree with his inestimable friend (myself) on every point but one and that was the Oregon Territory. I instantly proposed that the settlement of the question should be referred to us.' In that event, said Richards, the two of them would negotiate in a harmony the whole world might safely imitate.

It was indeed a measure of their friendship that Richards and Simpson could speak thus of the Oregon issue which caused such bitter argument between the Americans and British.

Lady Simpson attended some of the social events; 'a lovely woman', Richards wrote. The sailors who had fired their cannon at the missionary's house in Hawaii would have been surprised at the sociability of the same man in London.

But there had to be an end and on 3 April 1843, Richards wrote of an 'affecting parting with Sir George' who, of course, refused any pay for the service he had done Hawaii. (Three years later, the Hawaiian government sent a selection of fine woods to the H B C in London to be made into tables for Governors Pelly and Simpson 'in esteem and gratitude for important services'.)

While Simpson made his way to Canada, Richards and Haalilio remained in London in contact with the Foreign Office and also visited Paris again, in an attempt to hasten written French declarations of support for Hawaiian neutrality. Decisions were complicated by startling news from Hawaii received near the end of May.

The mischief-making Consul Charlton had told the Royal Navy South America command that British subjects in Hawaii required protection. The Royal Navy ship *Carysfort* was sent to investigate. The commander, Lord George Paulet, took the advice of an embittered former officer of the Hudson's Bay Company and estranged cousin of Sir George Simpson. This man, Alexander Simpson, had been in the H B C service on the islands but resigned after a quarrel with his cousin, and was acting British consul when Paulet appeared with his warship.

Alexander Simpson, like Charlton, was an enthusiastic advocate of British annexation of Hawaiian territory. On 17 February 1843, when the Hawaiian commissioners to London were about to begin their talks with Lord Aberdeen, Paulet, anchored at Honolulu, demanded that King Kamehameha grant Alexander Simpson official recognition which had been denied him, that certain lawsuits be retried and that British subjects be tried only by juries of British subjects approved by the British consul. No agreement being possible, the King on 25 February signed a provisional cession of his land to Queen Victoria, subject to any arrangements which might be made by the Richards-Simpson-Haalilio mission in London.

Paulet, excusing his actions by saying there was a threat of French and United States intervention, hoisted the British flag on Hawaii on 25 February. It was three months before the embarrassed Lord Aberdeen could start explaining to the French and Americans that the Royal Navy had not been told to annex Hawaii. On 31 July, the Union Jack was ceremoniously lowered by the Royal Navy and a Hawaiian ensign raised. As token of the good will which continued to exist between Britain and Hawaiians, the state flag of the islands to this day incorporates the Union Jack.

The Foreign Office in London brusquely told Charlton he would not return to Hawaii as consul and Alexander Simpson's service in this office was brief. He became an author and wrote a book about the islands.

Finally convinced nothing more could be gained by continued visits to government offices amid the fogs

The beaver weathervane on the now-demolished Waldron Building at Queen and Fort Streets, site of the last H B C store in Honolulu.

and cold of Paris and London. Richards and Haalilio returned to Washington in the summer of 1844. There, they gained no more than further assurances that the independence of Hawaii was respected. At that point it seemed improbable that Hawaii would become a state of the American union, as it did in 1959.

In November 1844, the tired travellers at last turned towards home in Hawaii, but Haalilio was not to see his country again. On 3 December, his health undermined by his weary journeys, he died at sea.

In March 1845, Richards was home and welcomed by the grateful King. The journeys to foreign capitals had been a factor in easing tensions among the powers over Hawaii.

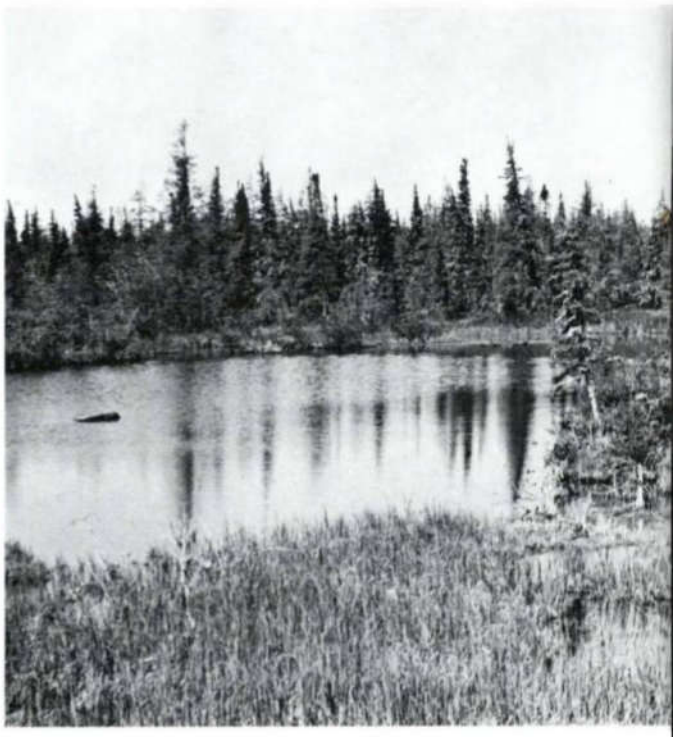
Histories of Hawaii show that the Hudson's Bay Company is a good memory there. Richards was made Minister of Public Instruction and developed a sound school system. His influence was a factor in ensuring that honourable conduct in public affairs was remembered. When he died in 1847, the Hawaiian Privy Council ordered that all persons in the Court wear a crape band on the left arm for thirty days of mourning.

There are two mementos of the Hudson's Bay Company in Honolulu and this writer in 1969 established that they were well cared for.

One is a metal weathervane in the shape of a beaver which stood on a building used by the Hudson's Bay Company 120 years ago. It appeared on the second and last Company store at the corner of Fort and Queen streets in Honolulu, a site now occupied by the James Campbell Estate building. This towering modern structure had no place where the weathervane could be displayed to advantage. An arrangement was made to loan it to C. Brewer and Co., which had a lower building across the street on Fort. There the H B C relic was placed in position in the shadow of palm trees where it could be seen from the street by those who looked for it.

The other memento is a finely carved wooden beaver about two feet long which was found in a building that had been used by the H B C. It had long been an ornament in the Merchant's Grill where visitors, asking for lomi lomi salmon, were told the fish had reached Hawaii with the wooden beaver.

When the grill was taken down some 10 years ago, the Campbell Estate officials gave the wooden beaver a home on a shelf in their office building where it remains, so little worn by the years that it might have been carved yesterday. Such good care of property would have pleased Sir George Simpson, the practical diplomat. ◆



SHOREBIRD IN A TREE

BY JOSEPH R. JEHL, JR.

Distinguished for his studies on the ecology of shorebirds and seabirds, Dr Jehl is Curator of Birds and Mammals at the Natural History Museum in San Diego, California, and co-author with Blanche A. Smith of 'Birds of the Churchill Region, Manitoba.' Photographs are by the author.

MENTION SHOREBIRDS and people think of open spaces — of prairie marshes packed with avocets and phalaropes, of the vast arctic tundra where the majority of our North American species breed, or of coastal mudflats thronged with migrants en route to wintering areas in the south. They are unlikely to think of the boreal forest, the broad band of coniferous trees that stretches across the continent from Labrador to Alaska. Yet, the Spotted Sandpiper, the Greater Yellowlegs, Lesser Yellowlegs, Short-billed Dowitcher and Common Snipe, which are among our commonest sandpipers, nest there in abundance. The spruce bogs are also the summer home of one of our least-known and most unusual species, the Solitary Sandpiper.

The often inhospitable nature of the north woods, populated by blackflies and mosquitoes, does not encourage long periods of scientific field work, and so it is not surprising that the breeding habits of most of these shorebirds are not well known. Those of the Solitary Sandpiper, in particular, are largely a mystery.

The Solitary Sandpiper, like the Yellowlegs, belongs to the 'tattler' group of sandpipers, whose habit of alerting the neighbourhood to the proximity of predators (or biologists) with loud, ringing cries has earned them their nickname. But unlike its more gregarious relatives, the Solitary shuns the company of other shorebirds. Instead of gathering in flocks on

Muskeg bogs in the spruce woods of northern Manitoba provide a suitable summer habitat for the Solitary Sandpiper.

The Solitary Sandpiper in a black spruce near its nest.

coastal mudflats during migration, it seeks the seclusion of small inland pools or quiet streams.

In other ways, too, the Solitary is unusual. For decades, its nesting grounds were unknown, and the honour of being the first to discover its nest and eggs led several egg collectors into error. Nests found on the ground in the northeastern United States and southern Canada and attributed to this species turned out to be those of the similar but much smaller Spotted Sandpiper, a species which nests widely over the United States and Canada. One sincere but quite mistaken ornithologist even went so far as to carefully explain how his 'Solitary' eggs differed from those of the smaller species; and another, equally misguided, erroneously described the chick of the Spotted as that of the Solitary.

These mistakes were not really surprising, because the nesting habits of most shorebirds are similar. A small depression in the ground, perhaps lined with a few bits of vegetation or pebbles is a sufficient nest for most species. By assuming that the Solitary nested similarly, the early ornithologists were doomed to failure. They searched with eyes downcast, hoping to flush a bird from the ground just ahead. Somehow they failed to guess that the Solitary, like its close European relatives the Wood Sandpiper and the Green Sandpiper, had adopted the habit of using the deserted nests of songbirds for its own. Indeed, it was not until a year after the Solitary's eggs were finally in hand, having been found in an old robin's nest in 1903, that their true identity was realized.

Once the Solitary's nest-borrowing behaviour was understood, ornithologists began to find nests. They were quickly able to establish that many old nests would do, so long as they had been built by birds of roughly the same size. Robins, Cedar Waxwings, Rusty Blackbirds, Gray Jays, and other inhabitants of the spruce wood all contributed to help solve the Sandpiper's nesting problem.

But aside from this, very little has been established about the Solitary's breeding biology. At Churchill, Manitoba, where I made a few brief observations, migrants appear as soon as the woods are free from snow, usually in the first week of June. They begin to court at once. The male flies as high as 150 feet or more and is often difficult to detect as he circles over a wide area with fluttering wings, giving his Sparrow Hawk-like song.

Other phases of nesting are largely undescribed. Certainly the most intriguing question remaining to be answered is how birds find and select a nest. Most coniferous trees have branches so tightly packed together that even the bulky nest of a robin is not easily visible. We can only guess that the sandpipers fly from tree to tree until a suitable nest is discovered. Whether the pair searches together or separately, or whether only the female makes the hunt and selects the nest, is unknown.

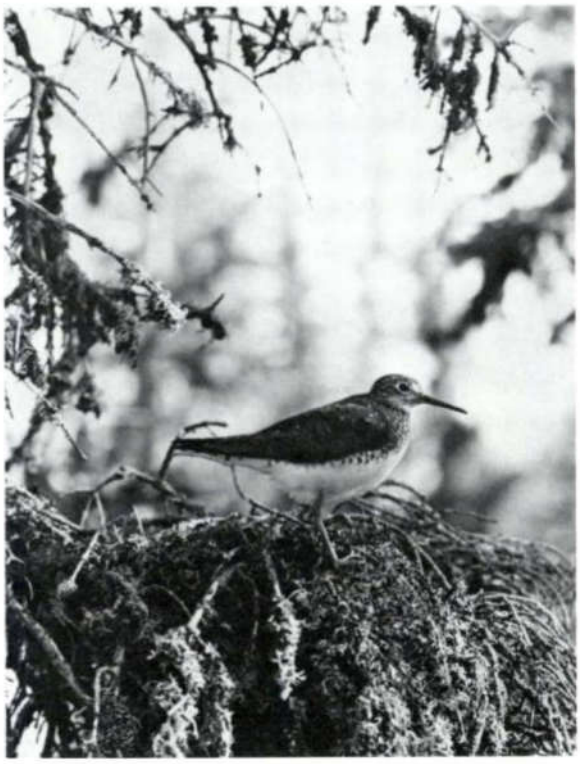
The Solitary Sandpiper is unique among North American shorebirds in using the deserted nests of songbirds for its own. Here the abandoned nest of a robin holds the Solitary's four-egg clutch.

The clutch of most sandpipers, including the Solitary, consists of four spotted eggs. In closely related species, both the male and female share the incubation chores. At the Solitary nest I observed, the behaviour of birds leaving the nest also suggested that both parents took part; the bird that incubated at midday flew off quietly into the forest when disturbed, but the bird that incubated in the evening (presumably the male) flew high over the forest and began to sing. The birds' behaviour on returning to the nest, however, was identical. Each would first land in a nearby tree, quickly check the area, then fly directly to the nest and slip in.

When incubating, the birds could only be seen by approaching within three feet of the nest tree, for the old robin's nest they had appropriated was so deep that only the bill and the tip of the tail of the incubating bird protruded over the rim. After watching a bird fold itself backwards into a U shape to make its body conform to the nest of another species, I am convinced that sitting for three weeks in that position must be incredibly uncomfortable. I fully expect future ornithologists to show that the Solitary's incubation stints are shorter than those of other sandpipers — just so they can stretch more often.

The eggs in this nest were destroyed by a Gray Jay just as they were pipping. Thus, I was unable to study the growth and care of the chicks. Others have suggested that both male and female parents remain with the chicks until they are about two-thirds grown,

Prior to entering the nest, the Solitary lands in a nearby tree and checks out the area.



when one parent departs. Apparently the male is the more persistent parent, remaining with the chicks until they can fly, but this requires confirmation.

How could the Solitary's tree-nesting habit have originated? There is no direct evidence, but we can get a few clues from nesting studies of other species. Banding studies have shown that the same male and female sandpiper often pair year after year; indeed, prolonged monogamy seems to be the rule in many species. The birds do not remain paired year-round but separate after the nesting season and migrate north independently the next spring. They return to their territory of the previous year, where they meet; not infrequently, they even use the old nest again. Fidelity to mate, territory, and nest site are important adaptations, for they allow the pair to become re-established as early as possible and to begin nesting as soon as environmental conditions permit. Dawdling can mean disaster. The northern summers are short, and unless the chicks are fully grown and ready to migrate before autumn sets in, they run the risk of being caught by bad weather.

With these time-saving adaptations in mind, it is not hard to postulate conditions that would encourage the development of tree-nesting habits. One possibility is as follows. Imagine, for example, that a pair of ancestral Solitary Sandpipers has returned to its old territory, courted, paired,and cleaned out the old ground nest. Just as the female is ready to lay the first egg, a late spring snowfall covers the ground, and makes the nest unavailable. This places the gravid female in a predicament. Since sandpipers rarely lay a second clutch, a safe site must be found quickly or the whole year's breeding effort will be lost. Ground sites are out of the question but an old songbird nest sheltered from the snow among the thick branches of a nearby spruce offers a possibility. In emergencies one cannot afford to be too choosy — and, after all, there is nothing to lose.

Since Solitaries have continued to appropriate songbird nests, the tree-nesting behaviour must have some advantages over the traditional strategy. Tree-nesting exposes the bird to predation by such professional forest thieves as Red Squirrels and Gray Jays, but reduces the risk of loss to largely ground-hunting predators such as weasels, which may kill the incubating adults as well as destroy the eggs. Apparently, the threat posed by terrestrial predators is greater; otherwise, the tree-nesting habit would have been lost.

Much remains to be learned about this interesting and unique species. What happens, for example, to a pair that fails to find a suitable nest? Do they forego breeding for a year, or do they occasionally revert to the ancestral ground-nesting pattern? And why is the Solitary one of the least common North American sandpipers? The intriguing possibility that its population may be limited by the number of accessible vacancies is worth investigating. ◆

When safe, it flies to the nest

. . . and quickly enters.

THE DIARY OF THE REVEREND HENRY BUDD, 1870–1875

Edited by Katherine Pettipas. The Manitoba Record Society, Vol. IV, Winnipeg, 1974. xliii, 198 pp. Issued to members of the Society.

Application for membership, $9.00 a year should be addressed to the Manitoba Record Society, 500 Dysart Road, Winnipeg R3T 2M8.

Reviewed by W. L. Morton

In the history of the fur trade of Canada, and especially in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company because of the remoteness of its territories, we see a prolonged and unusual, because it was both prolonged and isolated, contact of cultures. On the one side was the imported and intrusive European; on the other, the native, uncomplicated, self-sufficient and exquisitely fragile. The long-term consequences of this unequal contact are only becoming apparent to us today in 'native' unrest and an 'immigrant' puzzlement and concern.

Similar, if secondary in historical impact and consequence, was the contact of native culture and Christian missions. The missionaries were dependent on the goodwill of the fur-trade company for admission and assistance. Both traders and missionaries saw the native peoples in much the same way, as a field for enterprise: the fur trader to use to obtain furs in exchange for necessities — and a few luxuries; the missionary as persons to be aided and 'saved' by at once the Gospel and by such material improvements as the introduction of agriculture to stabilize the hazardous food supply of a nomadic way of life and to permit some settled life for instruction and worship. (This was particularly so at first; some missionaries, such as Father Lacombe and Isaac Stringer came to see that the Gospel must free itself from any particular culture and go with the society to be evangelized. In that perhaps one sees how cultured contact ought to take place to be healthful, a reciprocal exchange in an eclectic and organic fusion, the new growing from the old.) This present diary not only throws much light on the contact of native American and European in the last century in this part of the continent; it raises the question, what happens when the cultural fusion takes place in the mind and life of one person?

Such a person was Henry Budd, a native chosen by the Reverend John West in 1820 for European education and training. After long years at school, an apprenticeship in farming and European crafts, Budd, still a native but Christian and educated as a European, became a deacon in the Church of England in 1850, and was ordained a priest in 1853. He was the first native convert to be made a priest in his church in the Canadian West. This was done on his own merits but also in the hope that a native priest would be able to reach and help his own people in ways a European might, indeed would, not do.

The prospect of such an opportunity is exciting. Unfortunately this diary, through no fault of the editor, has two disappointments for the reader. One is that it covers the last years of Budd's life and services — years made sorrowful by the deaths of his surviving children, in itself a comment on the hazards of contacts of peoples, the bringing of diseases to those not immunized. The other is the place and the period. Success for Budd's endeavours depended on his bringing not only the Gospel, but also an increase in food. (It is now possible to accept the fact that the Church must feed not only the spirit but the body.) The district of The Pas — a land of water, marshes, and stony ridges — was not a good place for farming or even stock raising, especially with a scanty population little trained to sow, reap, and make hay. The decade of the seventies was also one of transition from fur trade to settlement. The new seed, the new ploughs, the new methods had not yet come to ensure a larger food supply. As a result, the years covered by the diary are years of scarcity, with the winter settlements falling back each year on Budd's supplies and the uncertain winter fisheries. Yet the suggestion is still there. Had the vision of John West of the need for a native ministry been realized in others as well as in the Budds, father and son; Henry Pratt, and Jacob Anderson, the process of cultural interaction set in train at The Pas might have been a creative process, as it was to prove on James Bay, and not, as Mrs Pettipas finds in the conclusion to her Introduction, a 'disintegrative' one, adding only 'marginal agriculture' to the native way of life and to the extension of the mission of the Church.

Distinguished historian, W. L. Morton, now retired from the History Department of the University of Manitoba, brought the western perspective to the writing of Canadian history.

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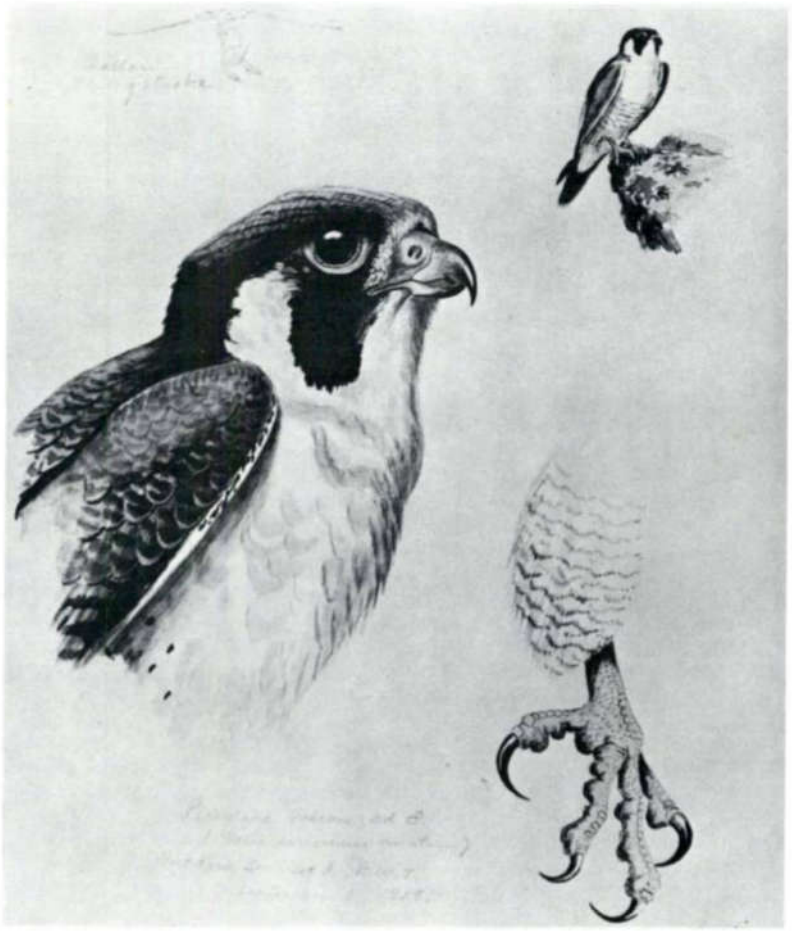
THE COMPLETE OUTDOORSMAN'S GUIDE TO BIRDS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA

By John P. S. Mackenzie. Pagurian Press Limited, Toronto, 1976. 240 pp., illus. $9.95.

Reviewed by C. Stuart Houston

This is an attractive book, largely because of the delightful black-and-white sketches of 147 species by

Peregrine Falcon, sketched at Fort Ross on Somerset Island, N W T, 1 September 1938, by Terence Shortt. From 'The Complete Outdoorsman's Guide to Birds of Eastern North America'.



Terry Shortt of Toronto. The author, John P.S. Mackenzie, Chairman of the Nature Conservancy of Canada, is a former hunter and now a keen bird-watcher. He was assisted by his wife, Lois Parkhill. The preface was written by no less an authority than Roger Tory Peterson, acknowledged dean of North American birders.

This book was apparently written for the novice who already owns either a Peterson or a Robbins field guide. It will be interesting to see how large a market exists for 'a somewhat expanded presentation' that 'falls somewhere between the identification guides and the scientific literature'. It is reminiscent of the bird books published near the turn of the century, with verbal descriptions of ranges and plumages, now achieved more succinctly in field guides with maps and colour paintings. Indeed, the space devoted to these subjects leaves less available for the fascinating biological details of certain species.

Mackenzie has written 257 accounts, usually just over half a page in length, dealing with 259 species. When he writes of the species he knows best, his vignettes are alive and interesting. Other accounts are prosaic collections of garnered facts; generalizations are sometimes too sweeping. There are good notes on population changes in some species; he tells of the plovers that were nearly wiped out by hunting and of the Tennessee and Chestnut-sided Warblers that increased dramatically following partial clearing of the forests.

The title is somewhat misleading. This is NOT a complete guide to the birds of eastern North America, because Mackenzie has deliberately excluded species of only sporadic occurrence in southern Ontario. Most Americans will find this book inadequate. For example, there is a one-sentence mention of the Summer Tanager, which regularly nests north to central Ohio. I could detect no special orientation to the outdoorsman.

I would advise Canadians to purchase *Birds of Canada* by Earl Godfrey when they are ready for a supplement to their field guide.

C. Stuart Houston is professor of diagnostic radiology, University of Saskatchewan, and edited 'To The Arctic by Canoe'.

THE NORTHERN OJIBWA AND THE FUR TRADE: AN HISTORICAL AND ECOLOGICAL STUDY

By Charles A. Bishop. Holt, Rinehart and Winston of Canada, Toronto and Montreal, 1974. 378 pp., including 4 pp. of illustrations. Paperback. $4.95.

Reviewed by Kenneth E. Kidd

Dr Bishop, a professor of anthropology at the University of New York at Oswego, is a native Ontarian with a special interest in its ethnohistory. The present work is a study of the Ojibwa, one of the province's largest native groups. It is a welcome addition to the small but growing literature on these people contributed in recent years by Professor R.W. Dunning, Professor Ruth Landers, Dr E. S. Rogers and others.

The author has made an intensive study of the background of the Canadian Ojibwa, leaning heavily upon the records of the Hudson's Bay Company's archival resources. He has not, however, overlooked the earlier historical records pertaining to this people, nor the ethnographical, archaeological, and linguistic studies of more recent date. He has, therefore, attempted a holistic approach, and comes to his task eminently well prepared. The result is not a 'popular' study, and will make heavy reading for those unfamiliar with the vocabulary of the anthropologist.

The book is not a history in the conventional sense of that word. The author, it is true, has given us many details of Ojibwa history as they are recorded in Hudson's Bay Company documents and elsewhere, but his aim has not been simply an historical narrative. It is, in essence, a study of cultural change among the Ojibwa as exemplified by the history of the Osnaburgh House band. Osnaburgh House was established in

1786 by the Hudson's Bay Company to counter the influence of free traders and the North West Company who were seriously disrupting their fur trade in the Albany River drainage. In the previous half-century some of the Ojibwa, whose homeland was the territory on and immediately east and west of the St. Mary's River, had begun to push north and west into this territory in order to maintain their position as middlemen in the fur trade. This movement, especially in the circumstances under which it occurred, was destined to result in changes in the structure of the society of these people. Dr Bishop is of the opinion that at this time the Ojibwa were participants in a patrilineal clan system. The forces brought to bear on them by the fur trade at Osnaburgh House necessitated the breakdown, or partial breakdown, of this system, for relatively small groups — at first consisting of up to 100 individuals and later of about 30 — were the most efficient unit for the gathering of fur bearers. Under the circumstances, it proved impossible to maintain the old marriage and other kinship relations, and the old clans underwent changes accordingly. Also in this connection, the evidence has convinced Dr Bishop that the hunting territory — a concept widely accepted for these and other hunting groups in the north — did not exist in aboriginal Ojibwa culture but was an artifact resulting from the exigencies of the fur trade and began to take shape only in early historic time.

The fur trade supplanted many aspects of the material life of the Osnaburgh House people: guns and ammunition replaced the bow and arrow, metal containers replaced those of birch bark, matches made fire-kindling easy, and woollens tended more and more to replace hides for clothing. Big game entered the Albany River drainage late in the 18th century and this made it easier for the native to engage in the hunting and trapping of fur bearers. By 1810, however, the big game (caribou and moose) were virtually gone and the Ojibwa were forced to spend a much greater part of their time than formerly on the food quest, hunting small game. When men were obliged to hunt hares — traditionally a woman's occupation — they felt it keenly and it brought in its wake a further weakening of their traditional social system. Their periodic failure in subsequent years greatly increased the dependence of the Indians upon the trading post — this time for their very food. About the same time as the game failed, the union of the Companies was effected (1821). Henceforth, competition between posts disappeared and the hunter was more effectively tied to his own post; in this case, Osnaburgh House.

The new dependence upon the trading post had the effect of weakening the position of tribal leaders, who became little more than liaison officers. The coming of welfare in the 20th century and the removal of the village to a new location on the highway has almost completed the re-alignment of the social structure. Dr Bishop sees it rapidly becoming a unilineal descent group with self-sufficient households, and with only vestiges of the ancient organization or culture persisting.

Dr Bishop has made exemplary use of the resources for Canadian anthropology to be found in the Hudson's Bay Company Archives. Together with the earlier Jesuit Relations, they provide students with a voluminous documentation for the ethnohistory of Canada and it is encouraging to see contemporary students turning to them.

The present study is not altogether easy reading, due in part to the complex nature of the forces with which the writer was dealing, and in part to a somewhat cumbersome style. It is easy to see why the author gives an encapsulated outline of the history at the beginning of his chapters, each differing slightly in focus from the others, but the strategy adds somewhat to the length of the text; on the other hand, he obviously felt this was necessary to set the stage. One wonders if it might not have been sufficient to treat the history more fully in the first place and to avoid what often seem to be redundancies. There are a few typographical errors which could have been caught by more careful proof-reading.

The Northern Ojibwa and the Fur Trade: An Historical and Ecological Study makes an important contribution to Canadian anthropology and we look for more from Dr Bishop's pen.

Kenneth Kidd, now retired and living in Peterborough, served in the Royal Ontario Museum for nearly thirty years, finally as curator of ethnology. He became first chairman of anthropology at Trent University and later organized the Native Studies Department there.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FIRST 200 YEARS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

We have had many requests for the out-of-print Autumn 1970 Beaver. This issue contains a lively and scholarly summary of the highlights of the Company's first 200 years by Professor Glyndwr Williams.

In response to these requests the issue has been reprinted.

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PEOPLE OF THE WILLOW: THE PADLIMIUT TRIBE OF THE CARIBOU ESKIMO

Text and water-colours by Winifred Petchey Marsh. Oxford University Press, Toronto, 1976. 63 pp., illus. $9.95.

Reviewed by Patricia E. Bovey

People of the Willow is Mrs Winifred Petchey Marsh's personal portrayal, in words and water-colours, of the now vanished lifestyle of the Padlimiut tribe of the Caribou Eskimo.

The author arrived at Eskimo Point in 1933 as a bride, and was one of the first women to live north of Churchill. Her husband, Donald Marsh, had gone to the Arctic in 1926 as an Anglican missionary; he was later to become Bishop of the Arctic. By 1933 he knew the Eskimo community and customs; she was unprepared for the ways of the North, with which she was soon to become intimately acquainted. She was a professional artist and had

Willow-twig fire in the kitchen of an underground composite igloo. From 'People of the Willow' by Winifred Petchey Marsh.

taught for three years in a North London school.

Mrs Marsh's brief introduction to *People of the Willow* describes the warmth of the people with whom she lived, and her involvement in their community. In addition to missionary duties, the Marshes tended to their medical and dental needs. Their kitchen became the local school in winter. Mrs Marsh continued to paint, and the Eskimos once built an igloo outside her door to enable her to study and paint the light and forms within.

The 42 colour reproductions of her water-colours are excellent. They capture precisely the variety of brushstrokes and paint intensity in each work. The paintings themselves illustrate the landscape and almost every aspect of Eskimo life, winter and summer — from the drying of skins, and the migrations, to the Drum Dance.

She arrived in Eskimo Point knowing well the English water-colour techniques, traditions and subjects. In the Arctic she would have faced an artistic challenge equal to her cultural one. She had to depict different lights, vast expanses of snow, a different sky, and a race of people she would not have encountered in figure classes at art school. In addition, the climate placed restrictions on her work. In England her water-colours would not have frozen as she was painting in mid-July! To overcome these problems, and to execute the works reproduced here, must have taken considerable experimenting. They are all interesting compositions, painted from a variety of angles, and with a sensitive use of colouring. Her rendition of snow, for instance, is convincing, with blue hues in the white. This use of blue is mentioned in many artists' journals as being the key to the painting of snow. All the works attest to her professional training, and all survive as skilfully executed works of art as well as a record of a way of life now gone.

The reproductions in *People of the Willow* are divided into two sections: 'Scenes of Padlimiut Life' and 'Beaded Appliqué Clothing and Ornaments of the Padlimiut and Aivingmiut Peoples, 1933-34'. From a documentary point of view, this reviewer wishes all the works in the first section had been dated. The inclusion of the map is very helpful.

The publishers of *People of the Willow* have produced a handsome volume which does full justice to both the writing and the paintings of Mrs Marsh.

Art historian Patricia Bovey is associate curator at the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

300 YEARS OF CANADA'S QUILTS

By Mary Conroy. Griffin House, Toronto, 1976. 133 pp., illus. Paperback, $6.95.

Reviewed by Lillian Allen

Mary Conroy is a dedicated quilter and the publisher of a newsletter *Canada Quilts*. She wrote her book after reading one on pieced quilts in which the author stated that,

though Canadian quilters had absorbed a lot of patterns and quilt lore from England and America, they really had given nothing back. That statement put author Conroy in a mood to see just what had happened in the world of quilting in Canada. Now, after having researched this world with the assistance of a Canada Council Explorations Grant and an Ontario Arts Council Grant she believes there was and is a distinctive Canadian development.

In twenty concisely written chapters, both interesting and informative, and amply illustrated with black-and-white and colour photographs, she sets out the quilt heritage of Canada and the reasons as to how and why it came about. In one chapter, fifteen tracing patterns are given.

Mary Conroy has read widely in histories and documents to associate the making of quilts, with preference for pattern and colours, to sociological developments and ethnic contributions in this country. We see the relation of quilt-making to the various early settlements in every province as well as the results in times of prosperity, two world wars, and a depression.

She points out that mechanization and the emancipation of women practically eliminated the fine handwork of quilt-making for some years. Then, due to the efforts of individuals interested in preserving and re-activating this craft, it has had a tremendous revival. Today it is recognized as being a fine art. Now there are quilt exhibitions, and art galleries and museums have collections of quilts.

This book has been researched, written and illustrated so that readers can find an intimacy with the content. Mary Conroy has referred to specific quilts and designers in specific places. Quilters will recognize their work, projects and exhibitions. This approach cannot help but create pride in the fact that Canadian quilters have developed a rich heritage and have been given incentive for future development.

Lillian Allen, now retired associate professor of housing and design in the Home Economics faculty at the University of Manitoba, instructs classes in basic design through the Crafts Guild of Manitoba.

PIONEER CHURCHES

Text by Harold Kalman, photographs by John de Visser. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1976. 192 pp., illus. $25.00.

Reviewed by Gillian Wadsworth Minifie

'One of the best ways to understand our pioneer forefathers is through their buildings' writes Harold Kalman in his introduction to *Pioneer Churches*, a book illustrated with photographs in colour and black-and-white by John de Visser.

From the earliest arrivals, pioneers in North America usually shared one desire. As soon as homes and hearths were established, the need was to provide for their community a place of worship, a building in which vanished lifestyles, crafts and culture could be recaptured. Often hastily assembled from whatever materials were readily available, many of these structures decayed and collapsed; those more permanent churches, products of three centuries of pioneers, from the 1600s to the early twentieth century, bear moving witness to the settlers' faith and to their attempts to adapt to their New World.

Among North America's oldest churches, the missions built in New Mexico about 1629 under the supervision of Spanish Franciscan friars who arrived there with the *conquistadores*, are least marred by time. Massive, made of adobe bricks, their interior walls whitened but aglow with Indian wall paintings, these churches seem to reflect the great, all-encompassing power of the Spanish church of the times.

Of Canada's early mission churches few are now in existence, though Quebec's beautiful Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, commissioned in 1688, and the small field-stone church at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, begun in 1714, are two of this country's oldest. Sainte-Marie-aux-Hurons at Midland, Ontario, is a reconstruction, built in 1964, of the mission compound erected for the Huron Indians by Jesuits in 1649. The original building was razed by the Hurons to prevent its occupation by Iroquois.

Roadside chapels, such as the chapel of Notre-Dame-de-Bonsecours at St Norbert, Manitoba with its painted ceilings, are reminders of 'the hurly-burly days when the fur trade moved west' according to Kalman, whose concise, comprehensive text accompanies de Visser's photographs. Sir George Simpson, while obviously mindful of the chapels' importance, wrote to the governors of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821: 'It has occurred to me however that Philanthropy is not the exclusive object of our visits to these Northern Regions, but that to it are coupled interested motives, and the Beaver is the grand bone of contention.'

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, men and women flocked to this continent searching for personal liberty and the freedom to worship as they wished. Scandinavians, Slavs, Greeks, British, all became neighbours in small towns and villages across what had been wilderness; many of the newcomers, being survivors of religious persecution themselves, were more tolerant of other faiths. Churches rose, each bearing the characteristics of its builders, though sometimes financed by canvassing the entire neighbourhood, as was one church built by a group of German Catholic immigrants from Russia, who also raised $29.95 in their old village.

Of whatever they were built — rough-hewn lumber, white-painted clapboard, brick or stone — pioneer churches impress upon us the fact that to our forefathers' religious freedom and the preservation of the old values were paramount.

Pioneer Churches is worthy of space in any library. It is a major contribution to North America's architectural history, and a reminder of our collective heritage, which should be preserved.

Former 'Toronto Telegram' reporter Gillian Wadsworth Minifie, widow of the late James M. Minifie, completed after his death the second volume of her husband's biography, 'Expatriate', published in 1976; she is currently researching the third and last volume, tentatively titled 'Minifie's Washington'.

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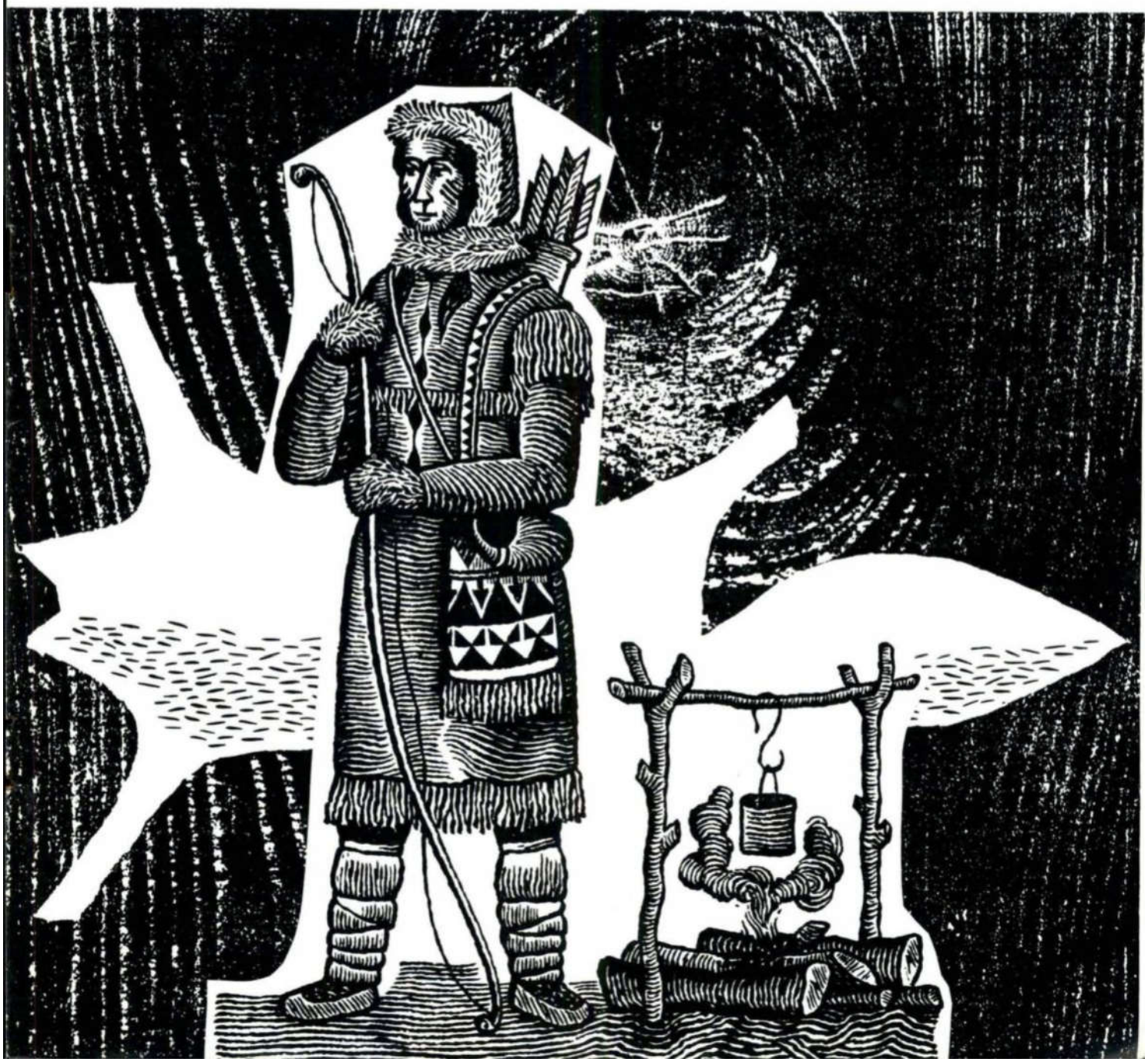

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